THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE DEPARTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Trembling through the bended naives,
Round the islands in the sea,
With a quiet, murmured music,
Steal the wavelets, one by one.

Night is fleeting, Earth is waking,
Labor, Life, and Day return;
Down the village street the anvil
Sends an echo clear and stern.

Hope stands by me like an angel,
Faith that sees with "eye divine,"
And the maiden smile of Morning
Lifts this sinking heart of mine.

Down the ferny, wildwood valleys,
Lined with forests deep and green;
Through the lips of whispering chasms,—
Many a yawning ledge between;

Lie the footprints of the River
Stamped upon the sparkling sand;
And our footprints lie together
For the Southern, Summer Land.

Windsor, N. Y.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh! tell me not of brighter days,
Such I may witness never more;
Each tender scene hath fled my gaze,
And ev'ry charm of life is o'er.
Fain would my tongue no more repeat,
The chilling memories of the dead;
But ah! in vain I strive to cheat
This poor heart of its secret dread.

Then chide me not that I remain
To him as faithful as when here;
If thou would'st rend this heart in twain,
Then bid me cease to shed a tear.
Oh! let the burning fountain flow
Until it rests in Lethe's lake;
Silence would but increase the woe,
And doom the anguished heart to break. F.

Original Tales.

FRED STRICKLAND'S ESCAPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HARRY HARTMAN.

CHAPTER I.

"I am sorry, Fred," said a sister to her brother, "to find that you do not like my particular favorite Dorothea."

"Phœbus, what a name!" said Frederick, laughing. "One would think that her sponsors, gifted with a prophetic spirit, had imposed this unmusical title upon her, conscious that neither grace, beauty, wit, nor wisdom, would be hers; and, in short, that she would be completely and utterly deficient of every winning trait, and every attraction."

"Peace, you libeller! In the first place, I enter a plea for the name itself, which has been worthily borne by many a lovely, and many an excellent woman; and next, I defend this particular wearer against all comers. She is every thing that is good and amiable—pure, high-minded—"

"Enough—enough, sister mine—spare, oh spare me Dorothy's praises! I will concede all that you claim for her—nay admit that she is perfection itself, since it matters little to me what she is; and I am very sure that my sister would not be so very fond of any person who had not *some* merit, though unappreciable to the unprejudiced observation o fan impartial person. Why is it that woman has notions of woman so different from man?"

Sister Clara did not answer—or, if she did we have never heard what she said. But the fact is unquestionable that women do look at each other with very different eyes from those through which men see the sex; and it is also another fact that a sister's advice is usually worth hearing, in these matters. But nobody's council should be blindly followed—be the adviser man or woman, except under very peculiar and unusual circumstances. Fred was very little likely to fall into this error, however. It was not that he had what is called "a mind of his own," for, far from being obstinate, he was not even steady in his pursuits and purposes, seldom remembering from one week to another the intentions which he imagined he had deliberately and seriously made up, to last forever, and a day. If he kept them a day it was very well for him, leaving the large and somewhat indefinite remainder unremembered.

But Frederick if he had not settled purposes, had impulses, which, while they lasted, were quite as strong; and contradiction sometimes forced or rallied him into remembering, and thus giving them the character of resolves. Clara knew this trait in his character, and therefore wisely forebore to press the defence of her friend, perfectly sure that her brother if let alone, would forget that he had ever committed himself by declaring against the unappreciated Dorothea. As to Dorothy herself, Frederick was to her a mere acquaintance, very little more interesting than any other of his species, and that little solely on account of his sister, whom she loved and admired. Dorothy was not handsome. She was not pretty. She was not, it must be acknowledged, in any degree likely to arrest the attention of a stranger. She was such a woman as is sometimes denominated a "wall flower," but this was in externals only, for unlike most neglected women, she was perfectly contented in her neglect—more than content, she was happy. As she never desired admiration, it did not at all disappoint her when she did not receive it; and as her circle of near friends who knew, dearly loved her, this was sufficient for her warm heart, and she was satisfied. She rejoiced in their joys, and felt all their triumphs, as if they had been her own—except, indeed, when those triumphs were not properly founded, and then the sincere and right-minded girl did not conceal her want of sympathy. Dorothy did not talk truisms, or affect the monitress. She did not read homilies to her friends, or assume the right to instruct them. She did not even pretend to frown, or to look displeased. But when her mild blue eyes spoke no pleasure at what passed, or when she did not seem to listen, or to approve, that was enough. Her silence was a rebuke, and her failure to approve was a sufficient reprimand. And it was the more efficient that it was, as it seemed, involuntary and unobtrusive.

Such was Dorothy. Perhaps, for the truth must be told, some of her female friends liked her none the less that, good and amiable as she was, there seemed no danger that she could become a rival. And, as she was by no means deficient in penetration, it may be that she suspected this state of things. If she did, however, she did not betray her knowledge of the fact, but silently carried it, with other advantages, to the credit of her plain face, and congratulated herself that she was not handsome. She looked forward to her single destiny as a thing fixed as fate, and, weighing its advantages, felicitated herself upon the escape which she should make, from the trials and responsibilities of matrimony. Dorothy was too conscientious to avoid any duty or shrink from any task which her lot in life might impose, but that did not prevent her from being pleased at a fair and honest escape from trial—and trial she did really and honestly consider the lot of a married woman. As she was the trusted depository of the thoughts of more than one of her married acquaintances; and as women, as well as men, are much more apt to confide their sorrows than their pleasures to their friends, Dorothy heard much more of the shady than of the sunny side of matrimony. As we have said then, she honestly rejoiced at the escape which she now considered certain; and when she saw a friend led to the altar, inwardly said—"Poor soul! She will soon come to Dorothy for sympathy!"

It is a common mistake, but a great one nevertheless, to imagine that all women look upon marriage as their "being's end and aim." If they did, the sex would, in their ingenuity, have discovered some mode, long ago, to revolutionize social law and custom, and to put the fair half of creation in a more advantageous way of fulfilling their destiny. Men who have the best of the bargain after marriage, have decidedly the advantage in making the contract which fixes the fate of both. I know that this doctrine will be unpalatable to "creation's lords"—but that they do not like it, does not disprove its truth.

Frederic met Dorothea day after day—at first with perfect indifference; hardly according to her the attention to which, as his sister's friend, she was fairly entitled. There was no eclat to be won by attention to such a lady; and as she was very far from bespeaking, inviting, or even encouraging notice, he came at last to be perfectly *at ease* in her society, and to regard her as nothing more than a person whom he met as a matter of course. He withheld none of his careless remarks before her, any more than before his own sister; and in short, he became when she was by Frederic Strickland and "nobody else." Usually when a young lady is present, a young man unconsciously masquerades, but when such a perfect good understanding arises as now subsisted between our friends, there is no need of concealment. As to Dorothy she never dreamed of such a thing.

CHAPTER II.

A few months after the conversation between Frederic and his sister, that same young gentleman sat in the same apartment. When we first introduced him, he could skip about as he talked, like a man perfectly at ease. Now he appeared any thing but composed, and was most certainly very little inclined to be comfortable or to seem so. He had wandered about the room with uneasy steps—and at last seated himself and danced his feet up and down, as if he were kicking an imaginary something out of his way. In a word, he was thoughtful and fidgetty. One might have supposed him in love—but he was unluckily in a worse case than that. Love, after all, is a very plain kind of a stream, with direct navigation, though the poet says it does not run smooth. A little bubbling in a current, however, only makes it more musical. Fred was not in love—and that was what ailed him.

He had been for a month or two—despite of the expostulations of his sister—indulging himself in the amusement of a flirtation with a beautiful but heartless belle—heartless except so far as vanity may be considered an affection of the heart. To him, it was mere amusement and pastime, and he was under the impression that she regarded the matter in the same light. He could relinquish the attachment at half an hour's notice, and supposed that she could do the same thing. But Fred had forgotten an important item of contrast in the relative positions of lovers of the two sexes. When a man changes his mind, he gets the reputation of having altered his views only—but the woman, unless she can make out a plain case of dismissal against her lover, is put under the not very agreeable odium of having been tried, and found wanting. Now it was true that Miss Olivia Huntley had sported a new lover for every season since her first coming out, and one might have supposed her accustomed to change—but she began now to discover that it was not wise or prudent to allow this sort of thing to go much farther. She had set her heart—that is to say, her purpose—fully, not only upon catching, but upon *keeping* Frederic Strickland; and while, whatever she might have hoped, she had affected to think and to speak of all previous beaux as mere danglers, she had committed herself publicly in speaking of him as something—nay as a great deal more than that. And on the very day in which we now find him in such perplexity, she had spoken to him in such a way, as showed that she considered the "natural language" of his attentions as amounting to a declaration, and was ready to listen, at any time, without the affectation of any surprise, to a formal proposal. Nay she had almost said that, except as a matter of form, and to put the thing in a negotiable shape with parents and friends, the mere words of a declaration were hardly necessary. The answer, with the proper blushes, and all that, was entirely ready.

Here was a dilemma; and it was no wonder that Frederic was worried thereby. We have said that he was not in love, and herein, you perceive, lay his difficulty. Had he loved Miss Olivia, she would have been spared all the trouble of taking things for granted, and proceeding in a manner so summary. He would have anticipated her somewhat unfeminine proceedings, and have been in the seventh heaven of happiness at the success of his suit. But inasmuch as he did not love, and as, furthermore, he had very good reason for thinking that she did not, you may calculate his misery and perplexity by counting off seven degrees on the unhappy end of the scale.

"I wish you joy, Mr. Strickland," said Dorothy, as she entered with his sister, from a walk. Fred answered with a most woe-begone look—then thinking of the ridiculous features of his position, forced a laugh, and asked,

"Joy of what, pray?"

"Bless the unsophisticated young fellow's innocent heart—does he not know?" said his sister. "Why, joy of his approaching nuptials and hymeneal happiness. The town is full of it."

"Yes," said Dorothy. "And we just met Miss Olivia, and she kissed Clara, and called her 'Sis.'"

"Don't be jealous, Fred," said Clara, as she perceived that he knit his brows. "Don't be jealous. I'm only a woman, you know."

"And a very good and sensible woman she is, too," said Dorothy. "She never will conspire with your wife against your peace."

"H-u-m-b-u-g!" slowly and distinctly enunciated Frederic, and jumping up, paced the floor with uneasy strides—looking at the girls with such an expression of serio-comico perplexity, that Dorothy, simple-hearted girl, was at her wits end to imagine what it could mean. In all her course of advice and condolence with the matrimonially inclined, she never had observed a case with precisely such symptoms as were here presented. Clara was more keen, and readily understood the case.

There is an old song—or it may be a new one, but the women say that the truth it conveys is old—which runs, "It spoils a man to marry him." And as a cognate fact it may be said that it spoils a man to get him in a love entanglement. Fred's was not, as we have more than once hinted, a love affair, but it had all the disagreeable consequences of true love, and none of its comforts. Among the other mischiefs of the predicament, it took away all Fred's prudence and manliness. You should have seen him as he sat and confessed his difficulties to Clara and Dorothy, acknowledging his flirting with all the simplicity of a child, and all the contrition of a true penitent. Clara, who feared to laugh lest it should check her brother's communicativeness, was obliged often to look out at a window, or up at the ceiling, or down at the carpet, or into her reticule—any where, rather than at Fred's face. She was ready to burst with suppressed malicious fun, and was not at all sorry that her brother, by persisting in this flirtation, against her good advice, had entangled himself in such a difficulty. But Dorothy, good creature, sat and listened with most considerate attention and with real pity. She was as grave as an old school physician of seventy, or a homœopathic doctor of one-and-twenty, listening to a detail of symptomatic indications.

"What shall I do?" said Fred, when he had finished the relation of his troubles.

"Marry my dear sister Olivia, of course," said Clara, with mock solemnity.

Dorothea looked round at her friend with an expression of astonishment, which softened into a smile, as she perceived that Clara could not be in earnest. Fred ejaculated something like a very bad word, whose last syllable, "tion," according to Walker pronounced "shun," indicates what every one should do to such parts of speech when he meets them. There was silence for some moments.

"What shall I do?" asked Fred, again.

Dorothy had been for the last two or three minutes looking over the advertising columns of a country newspaper—as one often looks, in a quandary, at the most unlikely places for its solution. Suddenly her face lighted up with a smile—Fred forgot his troubles in wondering why he had never before perceived that her smile was as truly enchanting as it was natural and unaffected:

"Buy or lease that farm," said Dorothy, pointing to an advertisement in the paper.

"What has that to do with it?" asked Clara, perplexed.

"Dorothy, you are a Solon in—in—muslin-delain!" shouted Fred, jumping up. "I'll do it!" And true to his impulse, he was off in a hurry. When he was gone, Dorothy explained to Clara what we will leave events to explain in our next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

"So," said a friend, to Miss Olivia, "you are really going to settle in the country."

"Me!—oh dear no. Mr. Strickland, without consulting me, has seen fit to take the Green-tree farm, but I shall cure him of that ridiculous fancy. I never will live in the country—not I. The very notion is preposterous. He must give that up, or give up Olivia Huntley."

Miss Olivia's friend was one of that particular kind of friends who never let a story spoil for lack of embellishment. Much more was said than is necessary for us to repeat—since all that was said did not amount to one-tenth of what was reported. Nor did the friend stop at half confidences. She found the ear of Fred also, and provoked him to say that any woman who could not consult his taste and his happiness, was no wife for him. We are very much afraid that Frederic Strickland knew his confidence would be abused, when he said certain other things to the same friend, begging her "not to repeat them." He told her that Olivia was a great deal too much attached to him to give him up for a trifle—and that he was not disposed, by submission before marriage, to become a slave afterward, &c, &c., &c. All this, communicated to her in the strictest confidence, she related to Olivia in the same terms. In short, as one would readily suppose, the whole town was full of it. Mr. Strickland and Miss Huntley were understood, on all hands, to be in an affectionately antagonistic position.

"Don't give way!" said Olivia's friends, "or you are a bondwoman."

"I shall not," said Olivia.

"Stick to it, Fred!" said Strickland's friends, "or you are ruined for life."

Fred laughed in his sleeve, and said nothing.

Now gossip had a mouth full. Nothing was talked of for nine days, but the quarrel between Fred and Olivia. The men ranged themselves on his side, and the women on hers. Things that they did say were exaggerated, and things that they never said were invented. The result was, that on the tenth day, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, when Fred called for an explanation, that Miss Olivia Huntley and Mr. Frederic Strickland had some very cool words—some of which, Mr. Strickland understood to mean nothing more nor less than a dismissal. He, however, asked the lady if such was to be considered their meaning and purport; and was given by her to understand, that such had been her misconception of his character, and such her error in regard to his sentiments, "so little, she was persuaded, was he capable of true attachment, that if he could give no evidence to remove her disagreeable impressions and convictions, they had better become strangers"—with all the other expressions, for such cases made and provided.

"I say, girls," said Frederic, a week or two after this—"what in the name of hay-rakes and ploughshares, am I to do with this Green-tree farm, that you have swindled me into taking a lease of for ten years?"

"Sell the lease, make your peace with Olivia, hire a house in town, marry her, and move to the city," said Clara.

"Marry a sensible woman, and move upon the farm," said Dorothy.

"I will," said Fred, suddenly, "if you will take me!"

"Take him, Dorothy, do," said Clara, laughing "or he'll be out of the notion in half an hour. Shall I ring and send for the parson?"

"What nonsense!" said Dorothy, reddening—and very seldom it was that the simple-hearted Dorothy found occasion to blush. "What nonsense!"

Fred stole a peep at her face, and thought—that much greater nonsense than this might be spoken. The truth was, that Dorothy was becoming every day an object of more interest to him; and in his conduct toward her there began to be something not to be described in words, and not perhaps exactly designed by Frederic, which brought about such a state of things that Clara one day exclaimed—

"Plague take you, Fred—you are always in mischief! You've driven Dorothy away from the house, now. She has not been here for a month, except when I have fairly pulled her in."

"Why I have said or done nothing!"

"Well, it is time you did both say and do! And Dorothy is as great a simpleton as you. She is betraying her secret by pretending to treat you with indifference, and both of you, head over ears in love, are struggling like flies in treacle, only to get yourselves farther into difficulty with every effort to get out. Go speak plainly to her, like a man."

"But—sister—Clara—"

"Stuff, Fred! You don't know your own mind now, and you never did. Be off, this moment, or I'll dust you out of the house."

Fred put on his hat and walked.

The next six months the reader may imagine filled up as he pleases. Dorothy, we have sufficiently described, to disabuse the reader of any suspicion that in her movements she had any purpose of securing Frederic; or that she had even a thought that such a thing was desirable or possible. She withstood a very assiduous siege, but as, in the eyes of a sensible and truly excellent woman, Mr. Frederic Strickland found it proper to put himself on his best behavior, she developed his better qualities, and learned, impossible as the reader may have imagined it, to love him.

To cut the story short, we may now state that Mr. and Mrs. Strickland, after a year's experience, think of buying Green-tree, out and out, as the improvements they may make will then become their own.

On one pleasant Sunday, this Spring, in the little church at ———, the officiating clergyman pronounced the name—"Dor-o-the-a," very distinctly. Perhaps it amused him. It certainly amused Clara Strickland, who was one of the sponsors for the babe, to hear the name so plainly uttered. Frederic the happy father, as the party rode home, was startled with the question:

"Are you a prophet?"

"What! What *are* you driving at now, Clara?"

"Why Fred, you know that the name Dorothea indicates that the bearer will possess neither grace, beauty, wit, nor wisdom."

"You everlasting tease, I do wish you were married off, out of my way!"

And so she soon will be. Miss Olivia, by the way, is Miss no longer—and in the bustle of the town, for which alone she is fit, congratulates herself that she did not wed Frederic, to make him miserable, and herself, too.

Portrait Gallery.

HALF-LENGTHS IN OUTLINE, A Little Shaded. NO. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A. LYMNER.

MR. NIGHTSHADE.

"It's the scarlet fever, Jane, I'm sure of it," said Mr. Nightshade, with a troubled look and anxious voice, as he stood with his wife beside the bed on which their little boy lay sick. He had been quite well in the morning, but after dinner drooped about, and fell asleep towards the middle of the afternoon. When Mr. Nightshade came home at dusk, Harry was moaning in his sleep, that had been prolonged to an unusual period, and had considerable fever. There was a good deal of Scarletina about, and several children had died with it in the immediate neighborhood. This was enough to fill the heart of the nervous Mr. Nightshade with alarm.

"It's scarlet fever, Jane. There is no doubt of it. Have you sent for the doctor?"

"Not yet. I thought I would wait until you came home. I didn't feel at all alarmed. Children you know, are often attacked with slight fevers like this, which go off in a few hours."

"This is no slight fever," returned Mr. Nightshade, the shadows gathering still more deeply over his face. "I will go at once for the doctor."

"Hadn't you better wait until after tea?"

"Oh, no! I don't want any tea. It would strangle me!"

"You really give yourself unnecessary alarm, Mr. Nightshade. *I* don't think it any thing serious."

"Isn't scarlet fever something serious, ha?"

"But we're not sure it is scarlet fever."

"I am just as sure of it as I ever was of any thing in my life. Isn't it all around us, and the air full of it? How could he help contracting the disease?"

And Mr. Nightshade hurried off for the doctor. When this individual, so welcome in sickness, but greeted with a cold shoulderishness when health bounds lightly through the veins, came, after an hour's delay, which seemed a week to the anxious Mr. Nightshade, the father watched every expression of his face, and every motion, while he examined the symptoms of little Harry.

"Well, doctor," said Mr. Nightshade, breathing thickly, "what do you think of him?"

"He has some fever," replied Esculapius.

"Do you think it scarlet fever?" anxiously enquired the father.

"I hope not."

"But hasn't he every symptom?"

"In ephemeral as well as more serious febrile affections, the first symptoms very nearly resemble each other. It is always impossible to tell in its incipiency what the course of a fever is going to be. I hope this will not prove at all alarming. I will call around in the morning, when I trust I shall find your little boy better." The doctor gave a light prescription, more for the purpose of satisfying the parents than anything else, and then went away.

Mr. Nightshade walked the floor until twelve o'clock, and it was not until long after little Harry's skin was cool and moist, that he would take off his clothes and retire to rest.

When the doctor came on the next morning, Harry was playing about and singing to himself, as lively as a cricket.

"I was sure it was nothing serious," said Mrs. Nightshade to her husband. "But you are so easily frightened."

"Better be scared than hurt," returned Mr. Nightshade, a little put out with himself for having made another exhibition of his weak side. "I'd rather be frightened fifty times at scarlet fever, than have it in the house once."

"Yes, sir; there will be war with England before three months. It's inevitable."

"I hope not, Mr. Nightshade. I think better of the good sense of both countries."

"It's more than I do, then. Yes, sir, there will be war! Look at the articles in the Times! Look at Sir Robert Peel's emphatic language; and then look at the articles in the Government organ at Washington! Neither country will yield an inch, sir! I saw that from the first. We shall all be overwhelmed in ruin. I shouldn't be surprised if there were half a dozen war steamers on our coast in ten days from this. The President's Message has done the business for us completely. In less than three months from this time, you will hear of more failures than have occurred since thirty five and six. It's just what I expected."

"But the commercial interests of the two countries are so intimately blended. There is too much at stake on both sides."

"What do politicians care about mercantile or manufacturing interests! Not the snap of a finger! They have no stake in business. No, no, sir. All they care about, is plunging the country into a war, and, in the elementary disorder and ebullitions that must follow, secure their own selfish and ambitious ends."

"I won't believe it, Mr. Nightshade. I will still look upon the bright side, and hope for the best."

"Yes, that is just the way," muttered Mr. Nightshade to himself, as he walked along with his eyes cast gloomily upon the pavement. "Just the way—no body is afraid—no body expects any evil—all look upon the bright side. But it will come in spite of all this, and then we'll see who'll make the loudest outcry. People may stick their heads under the sand like ostriches; but it won't save 'em. We shall see who's right before three months roll around!"

But, the war cloud passed over with only a distant roll of thunder. It did not break upon the two angry nations; and all soon became smiling and peaceful again. Then there was a distant rumor that the cholera had begun a westward movement. It had taken its old destructive course, and Mr. Nightshade confidently looked for its arrival at Halifax, Boston or New York, within a few weeks. His face elongated, and he asked every body he met if there was any more news of the cholera. If people smiled at his fears, he only looked the graver. It was just the way. Nobody was afraid until it was too late. He wrote several articles for the daily press, predicting the speedy advent of the terrible scourge, and calling upon the public authorities as well as citizens, to make due preparation for its reception. But no order for examining cellars and purifying the city, as he had recommended, issued from the Health Office—in fact, nothing was done. For very retribution on such sinful indifference, Mr. Nightshade expected the city to be visited almost immediately, and looked with painful forebodings to each coming Health Report, in expectation of seeing Cholera Asphyxia added to the number of diseases in that sad record of Mortality. But the fearful visitation was so long in being made, that even Mr. Nightshade's fears burnt low for want of oil to feed the flame, and at last were extinguished.

"I don't believe the boy will ever make anything, Jane. I'm out of all heart about him."

"Don't be impatient, Mr. Nightshade. Don't look for the worst. All we can do, is to prepare the earth and sow the seed. We mustn't get discouraged if it doesn't spring up as quickly as we could wish, nor endanger its growth by digging down to see if it is beginning to germinate. I haven't much fear for the ultimate result."

"I have, then. I don't believe he'll turn out worth a farthing. Here he is, twelve years of age, as dull, ungainly, unpolished and rude a cub as ever was licked by a bear. I'm ashamed of him. He's got no pride, nor ambition, nor industry, nor any thing that is good, worth naming."

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Nightshade, don't talk so about the boy! Don't exaggerate his defects. Harry has many good qualities, and in a little while, they will begin to preponderate in his character. Think of his excellencies, Mr. Nightshade, and you will see much to encourage you."

"Excellencies, indeed! I should like to find some."

"Did you ever know him to tell a lie; or even to evade the truth on any pretence?"

"No."

"That's something. Harry is a truthful, honest boy. Here is good ground into which to sow good seed. Is he not generous and kind to his brothers and sisters?"

"Yes, he's kind enough."

"And unselfish?"

"Yes; there's nothing greedy about him—but——"

"His teacher has never complained of his dullness, has he?"

"No. But just look at him now. Did you ever see such an awkward position, or such a stupid face?"

"He's rather awkward, I know; but he can't well help that now. He'll get over it. As to his having such a stupid face, I must differ with you, Mr. Nightshade."

But Mr. Nightshade was out of all heart with the boy, and didn't believe he would ever come to anything.

A few years later, Harry took three or four of the highest prizes at school, in succession.

"All very well," said Mr. Nightshade, "Thankful for so much. But he has no address. He'll never get along in the world. He'll never make a man. I know it; I see it plainly enough."

At twenty-one, Harry stepped upon the world's arena, well educated, intelligent, manly in his department, and with address enough to carry him anywhere. There was no fears for him.

"I wouldn't have believed it," said Mr. Nightshade. "It seems hardly credible. I'm thankful; that's all I can say. I certainly never expected it."

"But you always look upon the dark side, Mr. Nightshade."

"So you are forever saying, Mrs. Nightshade, but I don't admit it, and never did. I can see a bright side as well as any one. But when it thunders I don't leave my umbrella at home thinking it won't rain. Not I. I take heed to what is passing around me, and, foreseeing the evil, as a wise man should, hide myself; not, like a fool in the dark, dash blindly ahead and knock my brains out against a wall."

Selected Poetry.

IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

If thou hast lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go, call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.
Remind him of those happy days,
Too beautiful to last;
Ask, if a *word* should cancel years
Of truth and friendship past?
Oh! if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

Oh! tell him, from thy thought
The light of joy hath fled;
That, in thy sad and silent breast,
Thy lonely heart seems dead;
That mount and vale,—each path ye trod,
By morn or evening dim,
Reproach you with their frowning gaze,
And ask your soul of him.
Then, if thou'st lost a friend,
By hard or hasty word,
Go,—call him to thy heart again;
Let pride no more be heard.

Pictures of Life.

FROM THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

THE WEDDING BONNET. A VISION.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

I was the other day in the company of half a dozen young ladies—gentle cousins—all of them as merry as little larks, as busy as lamp-lighters, and as important as the preparation for that great event in female life—a wedding—could make them. The bride's bonnet had just come home, and I had the satisfaction of seeing a dozen lily-white hands all in one tumultuous group, arranging and shaping it to the face of the fair maid herself. It was pronounced on all hands quite the thing—a love of a bonnet, in fact; and after having deposited it in the centre of the table, and hunted under the sofa and all quarters of the room to make sure the cat was not there, they left me with an especial charge not to touch it for the world. I promised accordingly, as I sat dozing before the fire, and they left me alone to pursue their welcome task. Presently a knock came to the door; it speedily opened, and a strange gentleman in respectable black entered with a magic lantern under his arm. Somehow or other I was not a bit astonished at his entrance, but took it quite as a matter of course. "So you have a bride's bonnet here," said he, looking at me with his keen gray eyes; "all smiles and happiness, I suppose?"

"Yes," said I, as though he had been the oldest friend in the world, "little Anne ——"

"Ah!" said he, stopping me, "people must marry, I suppose; but I have a word to say to you about this gimcrack." And stepping up to the bonnet, he turned up his cuffs like an expert chemical lecturer, took it into his hands, blew upon it, and as quickly as a child's card house rattles to the ground, the bonnet lay in pieces before him. Satin, blush-rose, feather, frame-work, and the very cotton with which it was sewed, lay grouped under his hands. He then deliberately wiped the illuminated lens of his magic lantern—"Let us begin," said he, "from the beginning," taking in his grizzly fingers the blush-rose, and stripping its stem until the iron wire of which it was composed was laid bare. Before even this thread of metal can be produced, men must dive into the bowels of the earth, to procure the ore and the fuel with which to smelt it. "I will show you the true history of the making of this bonnet." With that he turned the focus of the lantern upon the wall, and I saw a picture of a deep pit into which men continually kept entering and as continually emerging from, like so many emmets, black and filthy to the last degree; and further in the mine, toiling up steep ascents, women on their hands and knees, with chains round their bodies, dragged up the heavy corves of coal.*

"But this," said I, "surely is not fit employment for women?"

"Well," said he, with a shrug, as if mimicking a general expression, "what's to be done? Somebody must do it."

With that he changed the slides, and I saw a child, not more than five years old, sitting in a narrow little passage in the remotest darkness of the mine. I saw him pull something he held in his hand, a little door opened and the woman harnessed to the corve passed onward; the door shut too, and the child was again in the darkness, huddled up in the corner to protect himself from the cold and damp. Noticing my surprise, my strange visitant shrugged his shoulders again in his expressive manner. "Well, 'tisn't a pleasant business, certainly," said he, "but the thing must be done, you know! But stop, we have only got as far as the coal in our lecture."

With that he again changed the slides, and the next picture he showed me was a roaring furnace, out of which leaped and sparkled into the moulds the molten metal, like a gnome escaping into the earth from which it had been abducted. Workmen stood by, lit up in the glare, the sweat running from them in great drops; with the courage of heroes they seemed to defy the blistering heat.

"How," said I, "can these poor fellows stand such a life?"

"They don't," said he, with his sly sneer, "it soon uses them up, but there are plenty more in the 'labor market.' What so cheap as flesh and blood? But we have forged the tough iron and spun the fine wire. Now for the artist's touch.

As he spoke, a fresh slide rattled through the lantern; and in a mean room, I saw a poor girl, winding delicate gauze round the iron wire, and with wan fingers, mocking nature in one of her most beautiful moods. As she added petal after petal to the rose she was making, she stole hour after hour from the night. "You see," said he, "she tints the flower from the color of her own poor cheek. Alas! that the human rose should decay that this artificial thing might flourish!" He said this sadly, but immediately added in his usual tone, "but then—what's to be done? The pay is slow starvation, I admit; but these women crowd the labor market so, that they are glad enough to slave even at this work—if not, *a worse fate awaits them.*"

"But we have only got as far as the flower in our lecture," he said, and held out the blush-rose he had taken from the bonnet; he then put it aside with the triumphant air of one who had just made a successful demonstration.

"Here," said he, holding up a piece of the glazed calico lining, "I will show you something interesting about this," and immediately threw out upon the wall a picture which differed from all that had gone before it. Tall palms, and all the luxuriant vegetation of the East shot up. Then a village was seen upon the banks of the Ganges. In the open air workmen sat at their looms weaving cloth, and singing as they wove.

"Have you noted the scene enough?" said he. I nodded, the picture dissolved, and instead of the former scene of beauty and industry, I saw a village in ruins, through which the wild dog alone roamed, and the jungle grew up to its very foot.

"You see," said he, anticipating my eager query as to the cause of this change, "when the power-loom first began to revolve, and the tall chimnies of Manchester to rise, the poor rude looms on the banks of the Ganges, and their frugal, industrious workers, perished at a blow—but you know competition is the order of the day—the weak in these times must go to the wall."

Perceiving that I did not exactly understand the Christian spirit of this doctrine, he added, with a more earnest tone,—"Perhaps the time will come when the transition from a slow to a more speedy method of production, through the agency of machinery, will be made with some mitigation of all this sudden and unlooked for misery—but while I am moralizing my lamp is burning, and I have a score of slides to show you.

With that the lantern threw upon the wall another picture. It was an African desert, and an Arab on horseback was hunting down the swift ostrich, who with outspread wings sailed along the burning sand. At length, worn out by the greater power of endurance of his pursuer, he was taken and slain, and his captor rewarded himself for his trouble by plucking from the yet bleeding bird his waving plumage. In the distance, a caravan comes winding along towards some distant mart, to which the Arab attaches himself—the wells fail the moving multitude, and one by one man and beast fall, and leave their whitened bones as a track-mark for future travellers across the waste; but the merchandise is borne home though human life is lost.

"You would not think, to see with what negligent elegance this feather falls," said the stranger, holding up its white sweep, "that man had given even life in the struggle to bring it to this perfection. But there, what's to be done?—we always thought more of matter than of man. We have not quite finished yet," said he, taking up the frame-work of the bonnet, "we must go to the New World for our next picture."

As he spoke, he adjusted a new slide, and showed a Brazilian plantation, in which the slaves labored under fear of the cowhide of the overseer. "The bees who make the honey," said he, with his cold sneer, "how grateful man is to them! I suppose you think we in England have no such slaves. I have two or three choice slides here," said he, holding up the transparent glasses—"a figure or so of an exhausted milliner, and a Spitalfields weaver in his little garret, weaving inch by inch of glossy satin, whilst his own poor family have only rags to cover them; but I have shown you enough of the misery that has gone towards making this little trifle. The pretty little miss, when she puts it on, and carries it so lightly on her head, will little think how it has been delved, and forged, and woven, and built up into such becoming fashion—but 'tis worth a thought about." With that he blew lightly upon the scattered materials, and they rushed together again as speedily as they had before fallen to pieces.

"And now," said he, in the rising tone of one coming to his peroration, "I am not altogether such a bad sort of a spirit as you might have taken me to be. So I will give you a sentiment of much importance to the working bees in the busy human hive, and that is —

A HAPPIER PRODUCTION AND A BETTER DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH."

And clapping his magic lantern under his arm, he wished me a good evening and disappeared.

"Why, Tom," said a sweet voice close to my ear, at the same time a soft little fist thumped me on the back; "why, Tom!" said Anne, "you have been talking such strange things in your sleep this last half hour. I told you how 'twould be, eating so many nuts." And truly I had gone fast asleep with my feet on the fender and saw this vision."

And now, gentle reader, do not be angry with me if, imitating the tactics of newspaper puffs, which begin with some alluring title and gradually lead on to the "Mart of Moses," or the so inevitable "Macassor," I have struck in your heart upon an universal sympathy, and thus beguiled you into the less interesting channels of social economy. But for once the puff, like the foam of the tankard, is all on the top, and it will be seen, perhaps, that there is more substance in the matter below than the title warrants. Considering how important a portion of the community are the productive classes, it is no slight matter that we endeavor to rid their daily occupation as much as possible of the needless repulsiveness and danger that in too many cases at present attaches to them. As for the proposition of "A better distribution of wealth," it has occupied the attention of all the most enlightened economists, but they have looked upon it as a thing rather to be desired than capable of accomplishment. In the various joint stock associations, however, and mutual benefit societies, which have spread lately so widely among the middle and working classes, by which profits are diffused through the masses, instead of centering in large capitalists, one of the methods in which the problem is to be worked is perhaps hit upon. The subject, however, is so wide a one, that most probably I shall return to it again.

* It is but just to say that women are no longer thus degraded to the condition of beasts of burden. The picture is retained, however, as it affords a startling example of the hardships and miseries the working classes submit to in the course of their daily avocations. As in this instance public attention only requires to be drawn to the unhealthy influence and bad arrangements which in too many cases needlessly surround them, to effect great and important changes in their behalf.

A Thrilling Tale.

AN ADVENTURE IN HUNGARY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the third day after his departure from Vienna, a horse-dealer alighted at an inn situated at the entrance of a little town, which, to all appearance, was respectable and quiet. He recommended his horse to the care of the landlord, dried his clothes at the fire, and as soon as supper was ready, sat down to table with the host and his family, who appeared to be decent people.

During supper, the traveller was asked where he came from, and on his answering from Vienna, they were all anxious to hear some news of the capital. The horse-dealer told them all he knew. The landlord then asked him what business had taken him to Vienna, to which the latter replied that he had been there to sell some of the very finest horses that had ever appeared in the market there. At these words the landlord looked very significantly at a young man who sat opposite to him, and who appeared to be his son. His expressive glance did not escape the observation of the traveller, who, however, took no notice of it; yet he very soon afterwards had cause to regret his want of caution. Being in want of repose, he begged the landlord, as soon as the supper was finished, to show him to his room. The landlord took a lamp, and conducted the traveller across a yard into a detached building, which contained two tolerably neat rooms. A bed was prepared at the farther end of the second.

As soon as the landlord had retired, the traveller undressed himself, unbuckled a money-belt containing a considerable sum in gold, and took out his pocket-book, which was full of Austrian bank-notes. Having convinced himself that his money was right, he placed both under his pillow, extinguished the light, and soon fell asleep, thanking God and all the saints for the success of his journey. He had slept about an hour or two, when he was suddenly awaked by the opening of the window, and immediately felt the night air blow in upon him.

Startled at this unforseen circumstance, the traveller raised himself up in bed, and perceived the head and shoulders of a man who was struggling to get into the room; at the same time he heard the voices of several persons, who were standing under the window. A dreadful terror seized our traveller, who gave himself up for lost; and scarcely knowing what he did, crept under the bed as quickly as possible. A moment afterwards, a man sprang heavily into the room, and staggered up to the bed, supporting himself against the wall. Confounded as the horse-dealer was, he nevertheless perceived that the intruder was inebriated: this circumstance, however, gave him little hope, for he had probably got intoxicated in order to summon up courage for the contemplated crime; besides this, the traveller had heard the voices of persons outside, so that the murderer, in case of resistance, could count upon the assistance of his comrades. But how great was his astonishment when he saw the unknown person throw his coat upon the floor, and stretch himself upon the bed which he had just quitted! A few moments afterwards he heard the intruder snore, and his terror began gradually to give way to reflection, although the whole affair was quite incomprehensible to him. He was just preparing to quit his hiding-place, in order to awake the inmates of the house, and ask for another bed in place of that from which he had been so unceremoniously expelled, when a new incident occurred.

He heard the outer door carefully opened, and on listening, the sound of cautious footsteps reached his ear. In a few minutes the door of his room opened, and two figures, those of the landlord and his son, stood on the threshold. "Keep the lamp back," muttered the father in a suppressed voice. "What have we to fear?" said the young man: "we are two against one: besides, he has only a small knife with him, and is sleeping soundly: hear how he snores." "Do what I tell you," said the father, angrily: "do you wish to awake him? would you have his cries alarm the whole neighborhood?" The horse-dealer was horrified with the spectacle. He remained motionless under the bed, scarcely daring to breathe. The son shut the door after him, and the two wretches approached the bed on tiptoe. An instant afterwards the bed was shook by a convulsive motion, and a stifled cry of pain confirmed the foreboding that the unhappy man in the bed had had his throat cut. After a short pause of awful silence, the landlord said, "It is over now: look for the money." "I have found it under the pillow," said the son; "it is in a leathern belt and a pocket-book." The murderers disappeared. Everything being now quiet, the traveller crept from under the bed, jumped out of the window, and hastened to the adjoining town to inform the authorities of what had happened.

The mayor immediately assembled the military, and in less than three-quarters of an hour the inn was surrounded by soldiers who had been summoned to arrest the murderers. The whole house seemed buried in profound silence, but on approaching the stables they heard a noise. The door was immediately broken in, and the landlord and his son were seen busily digging a pit. As soon as the murderers saw the horse-dealer, they uttered a cry of horror, covered their faces with their hands, and fell to the ground. This was neither from repentance nor the fear of punishment, but they thought they saw before them the ghost of the murdered man, notwithstanding they heard him speak. There was some trouble in convincing them to the contrary. They were then bound, and led into the out-house where the horrible deed had been committed, anxious to see how the enigma would be solved. The prisoners appeared tolerably collected, or at least calm and sullen; but when, on entering the room, they perceived the body which lay on the bed, the son fell senseless to the earth, and the father threw himself upon it with loud lamentations, clasped the bloody corpse, and exclaimed despairingly, "My son! oh my son! I, thy father, am thy murderer!"

The murdered man was, in fact, the youngest son of the host. Drunkenness was the only fault this young man had; and this night, instead of being, as his father and brother supposed, in his bed, he had gone out secretly, and been carousing with some of his companions at the ale-house. Soon becoming sufficiently inebriated, and fearing his father's anger if he appeared before him in that state, he intended to pass the night in the detached out-house, as he had often done before. His companions had accompanied him thither, and helped him to climb up to the window. The rest requires no further explanation. Nor do we need to add that the murderers expiated their crime with their lives; and that the horse-dealer, although saved, and again in possession of his plundered property, still shudders at the recollection of that dreadful night.

Our Scrap Book.

DISCOVERY OF A SINGULAR RACE OF PEOPLE.

The Christian Observer of Calcutta gives a notice of a singular race of people called the Cathies, who inhabit a part of Guzerat. They are worshippers of the sun as are the adoring Parsees:

"These people are supposed by some to be the ancient Cathis, who, in the time of Alexander's invasion, occupied a portion of the Punjaub, near the confluence of the five rivers. Among the Cathies there is no distinction of caste. Besides priests they have an official class of persons called bards, who possess authority almost equal to that of the Druids. They become security for the payment of debts, the conduct of individuals who have misbehaved, and the appearance of persons in pending actions, either civil or criminal. On the same terms they conduct travellers and caravans through districts infested with robbers, or in a state of war.

If a troop of predatory horse appear, the bard commands them to retire, and brandishing his dagger takes a solemn oath, that if they plunder the persons under his protection, he will stab himself to the heart, and bring upon their heads the guilt of shedding his blood. Such is the veneration in which he is held as a person of celestial origin, and such is the horror at being the cause of his death, that the threat in almost every instance deters them from making the meditated attack, and the party is allowed to pass on unmolested. The religion of these people consists of little else than an adoration of the sun. They invoke this object of their worship before commencing any great undertaking, and if a plundering expedition be successful, a portion of the money stolen is consecrated to the service of religion. The only functions of the priests are to celebrate marriages and funeral solemnities. They have but one sacred building—a temple—situated near Thaum, dedicated to the Sun—and containing an image of that luminary. The size of the Cathies is above the average, often exceeding six feet. The women are tall, and often handsome; generally speaking, modest and faithful to their lords. The Cathies have no restrictions of any sort regarding food or drink.

YANKEE MODE OF TESTING COURAGE.

It is well known that in the time of the old French war, much jealousy existed between the British and Provincial officers. A British Major deeming himself insulted by General (then Captain) Putnam, sent him a challenge. Putnam, instead of giving him a direct answer, requested the pleasure of a personal interview with the Major. He came to Putnam's tent, and found him seated on a small keg, quietly smoking his pipe, and demanded what communication, if any, Putnam had to make. "Why, you know," said Putnam, "I am but a poor miserable Yankee, that never fired a pistol in my life, and you must perceive that if we fired with pistols, you would have a due advantage of me. Here are two powder kegs; I have bored a hole and inserted a slow match in each; if you will be so good as to seat yourself there, I will light the matches, and he who dares to sit the longest without squirming, shall be called the bravest fellow. The tent was full of officers and men, who were heartily tickled with the strange device of the "old wolf," and compelled the Major by their laughter to squat. The signal was given and the matches were lighted: Putnam continued smoking, quite indifferently, without watching at all the progressive diminution of the matches—but the British officer, though a brave fellow, could not help casting longing and lingering looks downward, and his terrors increased as the length of the matches diminished. The spectators withdrew, one by one, to get out of the way of the expected explosion. At length the fire was within an inch of the keg, the Major, unable to endure longer, jumped up, and drawing out his match, cried out, "Putnam, this is wilful murder, draw out your match, I yield." "My dear fellow," cried Putnam, "don't be in such a hurry, they're nothing but kegs of onion seed!"

MATCH MAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

The *Courier Francais* gives a humorous account of the result attending one of Marshal Bugeaud's attempts at military colonization. About a year ago he founded the village of Fouka, settling in it sixty soldiers; they were all bachelors, and, to provide them with wives, he sent them, by steamer, in a body, to Toulon, where they found sixty virgins all warranted of good character. The ladies had dowries, furnished by the State, of sums ranging from £24 to £48, and distributed in an inverse ratio to natural charms. Three interviews were allowed between the matrimonial bands; one, a distant and synoptical view; the second, still silent, an allotment of the brides and bridegrooms by name—the gentlemen, apparently, being allowed some choice; the third, the wedding. There were fifty-nine marriages; one soldier being quite unable to reconcile himself to the remaining maid. The heroes returned with their brides, and the bachelor to Algiers; and the column was reviewed by the Marshal, each husband behind his spouse. The sixtieth stood solitary and trembling in the rear of his line of comrades. The poor fellow quaked when the Marshal put to him the awful question, "Where is your wife?" "Monsieur le Marechal," replied the soldier, "all the others have wives." "Allons!" returned the Marshal, "you are not such a fool as I thought you were." He was pardoned for his celibacy. Alas, how fared these military marriages? A year had scarcely elapsed when most of those ladies fled from Fouka to the seducers of the army of Africa; shamelessly betraying husbands, homes, and drums, without even regretting the ten hectares of land. Marshal Bugeaud had forgotten to include conjugal fidelity among his "order of the day."

WHO CAN REPEAT THEM?—That witty buffoon, Foote, happening to hear a person boast of the facility with which he could commit any passage to memory, undertook to write a few lines which the other would not be able to remember accurately, even after repeated perusal. The challenge was accepted, and Foote immediately produced the following:—

"And she went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple pie; and a she bear, walking up the street, pops his head into the shop,—What! No soap! and he died; and she very imprudently married the barber, and at the wedding were the Hoblillies and the Joblillies and the great Panjandarum, with the little button at the top, and they all danced till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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Of the following named persons who are in arrears for this paper.

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Of Jno. J. Supple, formerly of Pleasant Hill, Georgia.
Of Chas. Smith, formerly of Cape Vincent, N. York.
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Of T. J. Thompson, formerly of Vicksburg, Mississippi and Harrodsburg, Kentucky.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HORACE D'PUTRON. This tale is respectfully declined.

THE TWINS'S EXPERIENCE, is accepted. The accompanying poem is under consideration.

G. E. A historical enigma by G. E. is not accompanied by the answer.

DISCUSSION ON GAMBLING.

The discussion on Gambling between Mr. Green, the Reformed gambler, and Mr. Freeman, of the "Profession," which has been looked forward to with so much interest, opened upon Monday evening. The audience generally, however, were rather disappointed, inasmuch as Mr. Freeman stated that he did not come there to defend gambling, but only to prove the folly and injustice of attempting to put it down by making its practice *by professional gamblers*, an offence punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. But although Mr. Freeman made this avowal, he evidently did attempt in various parts of the discussion, to defend gambling—not, however, as a thing good in itself, but as being no worse than many other practices which society tolerates, and which no man loses his reputation, or is in danger of imprisonment, for engaging in.

We have no scruple in confessing, that we were much interested in Mr. Freeman. He appears to be one of a singular class of men, some one of whom may be found in nearly every pursuit, however dishonorable. Men of keen and subtle minds, and of as much goodness and honesty of purpose as is possible in the life which they have chosen, or into which perhaps they have been in a degree forced. In the course of his remarks, he made one allusion to his own history, which while it told as much as anything that was said in the course of the debate against gambling, opened unto us in a degree the secret of his present position. He said that when he was a young man, he had lost his all at the gaming table, and that from that blow he had never recovered—"*it had broken his heart.*" And yet, strange anomaly, he now not only makes his living by gambling, but stands up before the world as its defender.

But let us look a little farther into Mr. Freeman's arguments. He did not state them very plainly, being evidently unaccustomed to public speaking, and, as the English say, to "thinking on his legs," but if we are not mistaken, he reasons to his own heart as follows. Gambling in cards is not right *abstractly*, but it is the same in principle as gambling in stocks, in breadstuffs, in merchandise, in land, or in anything else. None of these are right, but they are necessary fruits of the folly and wickedness of men, and inevitable in the present condition of society. "I make my living, I know," he probably says, "from the weakness and wickedness of my fellow men; but so do the physician, the judge, the lawyer, the jailer, and the hangman." If we are not mistaken, in this way does Mr. Freeman make out a clear case to his own conscience; and to some small extent he is right in what he asserts. To gamble with cards, is the same in principle as to gamble with stocks, or anything else—the difference is only one of degree; but although the gambler and the judge, both live in a certain sense *off* of the vices of their fellow men, the difference is very evident between him whose business conduces to increase those vices, and him whose noble office it is to lessen them.

But Mr. Freeman complains that, while the gambler with cards is proscribed by society, and branded with all marks of shame, and laws passed to imprison him if found practising his art, the gambler in stocks is neither reviled nor imprisoned. At the rank injustice, as he, in our opinion, honestly believes it, of this course on the part of society, he can hardly contain his indignation. Those "uncouth gestures," as one of our contemporaries designates them, were not in our opinion intended for effect, but were the natural language of uncontrollable indignation at what he believes to be the rank injustice of society, which he could not adequately express in words. The audience laughed, but the speaker was far from laughing—a perfect tempest of conflicting emotions, it seemed to us, was agitating his bosom. Strange as it may sound to our readers, he evidently thought his cause was just, and wanted to make it appear so, not to the gamblers and their friends, hundreds of whom were present, and ready at any moment with their applause, but to the crowd of intelligent, virtuous men and women, in whose audience he stood. We saw the breaking out of this feeling in the half-contemptuous manner in which he alluded to the tastes of gamblers in general, as contrasted with his own—"he did not keep the company of gamblers; he had nothing to say against them, but his tastes were different."

But is it unjust to punish the gambler with cards by imprisonment and public proscription, while the gambler in stocks, &c., whose crime is the same in principle, though not in degree, goes unwhipt of justice? Undoubtedly it is, for it is no reason that one vice should go unpunished, because another is able to escape, for the present. Mr. Freeman's argument is very good, so far as it applies to inflicting upon the gambler in stocks the same penalty as on himself; but the law of Progress, and the best interests of society, demand that these things should never be allowed to work backwards. For the way Society advances, is simply this—the worst manifestations of vice are first proscribed, and then their proscription is made a stepping stone to demolish others. For instance—we attack gambling with cards, the worst manifestation of the gambling principle; we make it abhorrent to the moral sense of the world; we so condemn it, and justly, too with robbery, that future generations shall grow up in that faith, and all the efforts of interested sophistry never be able henceforward to separate them to the popular apprehension. Having done this, in the course of some fifty or one hundred years, certain dealings in stocks, for instance, are called in question. If they can be proved to be rightly described by the phrase "GAMBLING IN STOCKS," the battle is half won. For the proscription of the worst kind of Gambling, has given a vantage ground from which to attack the principle of gambling wherever found. And this, we say, is the only Law of Progress.

Another ground taken by Mr. Freeman was that "a man has a right to do what he chooses with his own, if in so doing he does not injure anybody else." In a limited sense, this is true, doubtless—but he does injure somebody else if he fails to perform his duties to his family, or to his country. For instance, he has no right to commit suicide. But Gambling cannot be done without injuring somebody else, as it takes two to play at it—leaving out of view the injury done to society at large, as Mr. Green has shown in his various works on the subject. But there is no necessity in dwelling upon this point—it cannot be defended for a moment.

As to Mr. Green's part in the discussion, it is not necessary to say much. He has our confidence and sympathy. We consider his present course a most noble one, and wish him all success in his efforts to overthrow the abominable vice from whose clutches he has come forth a reformed man.

We have taken up considerable room with this subject, because we feel great interest in both parties engaged in the discussion. Did Mr. Freeman appear to be only a bold, bad man, we should hardly have wasted a single paragraph upon him or his arguments. But he is evidently a man of considerable information and talent, and to all appearance, strange as it may sound, of much sincerity and cross-grained honesty. That he may be led to forsake his present pursuits, before his grey hairs shall have gone down to a dishonored grave, is our fervent wish and prayer.

THEORIES UPON POPULATION.

We were never a believer in the Malthusian theory of population—we never could bring ourselves to think that starvation was the natural check upon the too rapid increase of human beings; or could comfort ourselves, when we read distressing accounts of the condition of the lower classes in European countries, with the thought that there was no help for it, that they were dying according to the law of God, as propounded by Malthus—no, we always preferred to go rather with the heart in its denials of so stern and horrible a doctrine, than with the head, even when its deductions seemed clearest and most unanswerable. And now, if we are not misinformed, (at least it is so stated in the "Vestiges of Creation,") the Malthusian theory is given up by the best minds, is well nigh dead and thrust into its grave—and room made for other and more Christian theories. The people, in this matter, have had a triumph over the philosophers; or, in other words, heart has carried it triumphantly in opposition to head, and we trust we shall hear no more of people starving "because it cannot be helped," "because population has outrun the means of subsistence," when horses and dogs have plenty to eat every day, and thousands of acres lie from year to year untitled.

Population outrun the means of subsistence—it never has been the case yet, and we do not believe that it ever will be, or is possible. Population increases rapidly, we know, in times of peace, but not so rapidly as the means of production. As to manufactures, there is no limit to the speed of production that may be attained with the means already developed, and doubtless many new agencies will be discovered; while as to the products of the earth,—putting aside the increased productiveness that may be effected by more careful farming, and by an increased knowledge of the principles of manuring—who can pretend to say that a means may not be discovered of accelerating the growth of crops, so as to have two to every one we now have. Have we not already had glimpses into the possibility of so hastening the growth of plants by means of the electric or magnetic fluid, as to warrant us in supposing that something of this kind may ultimately be effected upon a large scale. It is easy to laugh at such questionings of the future, but who would not have laughed twenty, yes, ten years ago, at the Magnetic Telegraph?

Whether, however, there be any plausibility in this view or not, one thing is certain—that the discoveries and inventions of the last fifty years, are such as to do away with all fears, for some centuries, at least, as to this world's ability to clothe and feed its inhabitants. And, for ourselves, we have no fear that if men will only do what is right, they will always be able to get enough to eat and to drink, even if in the course of time it becomes necessary to "annex" to this globe some other Planet.

But we were led into these remarks upon the Malthusian theory, &c., by the following account of a new theory respecting Population; for which we are indebted to the London correspondent of the National Intelligencer:—

Some new ideas on population have been broached by Mr. Doubleday, in a publication lately made by him, entitled "The True Law of Population." This law of population, he endeavors to show, is connected with and depends upon the *nature* of the food of the people. Mr. Doubleday says "his theory is founded on the admissions of all medical and physiological authorities of modern times, and supported by many of ancient times, and is corroborated by an appeal to living generations." He affirms that "populations are uniformly found thin in pastoral countries, where the food is animal food chiefly; denser, where it is mixed partially with vegetable element; denser still, where it is vegetable only, but with plenty; and densest of all where it is vegetable, *but with scarcity superadded.*"

The examples which the author quotes from the history and condition of the world go far toward establishing his theory. *If he be correct, the true remedy for excessive numbers is not emigration, but plentiful and nutritious food.* He divides society into three classes—"the worst dieted, the moderately dieted, and the luxuriously dieted;" and observes "that it is upon the numerical proportion which these three states bear to each other in any society, that increase or decrease on the whole depends." Mr. Doubleday's argument derives considerable support from the decay of opulent families and their rapid extinction. We have abundant evidence of this at various epochs, and in different countries.

Tacitus gives us one instance in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. If we turn to England, we shall find that, but for comparatively new creations, both the peerage and baronetage of England would have been extinct. The number of English *peers* in 1837 was three hundred and fifty, of which two hundred and forty-seven had been created since 1760. The decay of the baronets has been more remarkable still. So that if no new peers had been created since 1760, the present number would have been only one hundred and three, and but for the perpetual new creations, there would scarcely have been a baronet left. Mr. Malthus noticed a similar decay in the higher and wealthier families of Berne, in Switzerland; and Mr. Sadler cited Addison's authority to prove the extraordinary decrease of the Venetian nobility.

WORKS ON GAMBLING.

We desire to call particular attention to three works on Gambling, which the reader will find noticed in our Book column. The author of them, Mr. J. H. Green, a reformed gambler, will be remembered by our readers as a gentleman of whom they have seen various notices in connection with the passage of laws by several States, more effectually to break up the odious business in which he was formerly engaged. Mr. Green's life has been a most eventful one, and his biography has all the interest of a romance; while the light he throws upon the mysteries and evils of gambling, should be sufficient to deter every one from touching a card. We had no idea, before looking through these books of the perfect mastery over his victim possessed by the accomplished gambler. There is no luck at all in the matter. Whether the gambler wins or loses is at his own pleasure. If the latter, it is because he wishes to lure his victim on, or to prevent his becoming frightened before he is totally ruined. We think that society owes very much to Mr. Green for the noble efforts he is making with tongue and pen, to open the eyes of his fellow men, especially of the young, to the misery that daily results from an indulgence in this fascinating vice.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

This is the name of a valuable Agricultural journal, to which we are often indebted for interesting information. Those of our subscribers who may wish a publication of the kind, will find the Farmer a very good one. It is published monthly by Samuel Sands, Baltimore, Md., at one dollar per annum.

DWELLINGS FOR THE POOR.

An association of gentlemen in New York, have asked for an act of incorporation from the Legislature, for the purpose of enabling them to combine capital, so as to erect houses on a plan to suit the wants of the laboring classes, at a reduced rent. They think they can put up buildings which will combine more comforts, with less expense.

We are rejoiced to see this movement in our sister city, and hope it will not be long before we are called upon to chronicle one of a similar character in Philadelphia. In walking through the outskirts of our city, we have often thought how much good a wealthy man, or a company of wealthy men, might do in this way—putting up blocks of convenient houses, and letting them out at not more than a small interest for the money invested. English benevolence already has begun to flow in this channel, and a whole town, (Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool,) has been erected upon this principle. And whatever objection may be made to various other schemes of benevolence, the usefulness of bettering the outward condition of the poor in this way, cannot be found fault with to by the most captious.

Of all efforts aiming to improve the outward condition of men, we think most highly—for a healthy body, a sufficiency of employment, good wages, and comfortable dwellings, are almost necessary foundations upon which to build habits of temperance, kindness, morality, and true piety. In relation to this subject, one fact in the history of our Saviour, has always struck us most forcibly—He went about doing good, not only to the minds, but to the bodies of men. He healed the sick, He cast out evils (devils, in the old dialect,) of various characters, He had compassion on the multitude because they hungered; in one word, He gazed upon the outward as well as on the inward sufferings of man with a most divine compassion. In accordance with His own conduct, was the doctrine of that parable, in which He speaks of the questions that shall be asked each of us at the last day. They allude nearly altogether to deeds of practical righteousness—to clothing the naked, to feeding the hungry, to visiting those that are sick and in prison—and the words of the parable run, "For, inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

MAILS TO EUROPE.

The arrangements for a regular conveyance of mails to and from Europe are partly completed. The Washington, the first steamship of the line, will leave New York for Cowes and Bremen Haven, on Tuesday, the first day of June next; and, also, on the first day of each second month thereafter. It is expected that the second steamship will be ready to depart in the course of the season, on the first day of each intermediate month, thus furnishing a monthly mail in each direction. The following are the rates of postage:—

The inland postage to the city of New York, as well as the postage by steamer from New York, is to be prepaid on all mailable matter to be conveyed by this line, excepting that addressed to Bremen, or to places to which said matter will pass through the Bremen post-office. Hamburg is not included in this exception. To Bremen and to the points supplied through that office, unpaid letters, &c., may be sent; postage to be collected at Bremen.

The rates of postage established by the act of March 3, 1845, "to provide for the transportation of the mail between the United States and foreign countries," are on the above route, as follows:

Upon all letters and packages not exceeding one-half ounce in weight, twenty-four cents; over one-half ounce in weight, and not exceeding one ounce, forty-eight cents; and for every additional half ounce or fraction of an ounce, fifteen cents.

Upon each newspaper, pamphlet, and price current, three cents.

Inland postage, in all cases, to be added, whenever the matter is transported by mail within the United States.

THE RIGHT KIND OF "HELP."

The Prairie Farmer tells of a dinner party, a short time since, in Jacksonville, Illinois, where many of the "first men" of the State, with their families, were present; but not a sample of domestic "help," falsely so called, was there to wait on them. *In place of such "helps,"* the Farmer says, "*the daughters of the guests—misses just beginning their teens, with bright, sweet faces, and twinkling curls, and sparkling eyes, were there, and did the service; and their presence, like a May sunshine, constituted more than half the pleasure of the entertainment.*"

Certainly it did! breakfast, dinner, or supper, never tastes so well as when prepared by the hands of those you love. It is as if the bright eyed cooks had seasoned the viands with their own sweet smiles, and breathed into the tea or coffee a more delicious flavor, and made the clear, cold water sparkle more than common, with watching it intently that it might not spill, as they brought it from the spring or the well. Aye! commend us to such a meal above all that were ever cooked by the handiest female "help" this side the "old countries"—as for men cooks and waiters, we would as leave have hottentots and baboons, at once.

DR. CHAPMAN'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Chapman, upon taking his seat as President of the American Medical Association, is reported in several of the daily papers of this city, to have made the following remarks:—

He said *he could find no language to express the depth of his gratitude.* It had often been his good fortune during his professional life to have been complimented in the same manner, though not in the same degree. He confessed *his incompetency to serve the association.* He said he loved his profession, and should be ungrateful if he did not; *whatever he possessed in this life, had been bestowed by her favors;* when he forgot her, or deserted her and her disciples, he remarked with great emphasis, *may Almighty God forget me.*

The whole of the above address is in bad taste, because it is not simple and truthful, but artificial and false—while the concluding sentence is rank profanity. No man has a right to call down such imprecations upon his head if he fails in his duty, in any case, much less in that of simple assuming the presidential chair of a medical association.

HAYDON'S OPINION OF THE "FRIENDS."

The editor of the N. Y. Mirror says that he stumbled recently upon a noble bundle of autographs, among which was the following note written by Haydon, the painter, a short time before he committed suicide. Would that he himself had been able to adopt the Christian philosophy of calmness and resignation he so much admired in the "Friends!"

"Voltaire said the Quakers were the only Christians in essence and practice; as I have had to do with all sects and classes, I am inclined to think he was not altogether wrong, though not entirely right. I have known many good Christians who were not Quakers, and many Quakers not Christians, but still, on the whole, I am persuaded from long experience, thy society is more sincere in its endeavors to carry out the doctrines of Christ than many others (most others) who have more pretensions—and I have often wished I could subdue violent emotions with the peace, and quiet, and humility I have witnessed amongst friends.

"Believe me, with respect,
"B. R. HAYDON."

IRON COACHES.

We see it stated that a gentleman of Aberdeen, Scotland, has taken out a patent for the manufacture of iron coaches. His trial omnibus, carrying nineteen persons, besides the driver, weighs only eleven cwt., and can be drawn by two ordinary horses at the rate of ten miles an hour. This application of iron to the manufacture of coaches has just come up at the very nick of time, as we perceive that the "fat men," at the head of whom stands (*sits?*) the Honorable Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, have declared war against all descriptions of wooden carriages. As a proof of this, we would mention that Mr. Lewis, in getting into a carriage lately, at Washington, broke out the bottom of it by his great weight. The sight of his two legs sticking out beneath the carriage, is stated to have been a curious sight to the "outside barbarians." These iron coaches, however, will match him.

SENTENCE OF LIEUTENANT HUNTER.

We see it stated that Lieut. Hunter, who captured Alvarado, has been found guilty of disobeying orders, and sentenced to be reprimanded and dismissed from the squadron. The reprimand to be read on the quarter deck of every ship in the squadron.

Some of our contemporaries uphold Lieut. Hunter in his disobeying of orders, but until some proof appears that the service would have suffered by his adhering to the strict letter of his instructions, our own course must be widely different. Of course, we do not pretend to give any opinion as to the justice of the above sentence, as we have not the evidence before us that was given in before the court-martial. It seems too harsh for the offence, but it may not be.

LIPPARD VS. HEADLEY.

We have received the following communication from George Lippard, which we publish as much as an evidence that in our course relative to certain of his productions, we have been actuated by no personal or other unworthy motive, as for any other reason:

To the Editor of the Saturday Post:

Will you have the kindness to refer to the Saturday Courier of December 16, 1846, and examine an article by George Lippard, entitled "The Black Horse and his Rider, or Who was the Hero of Saratoga," and compare it with Mr. Headley's "Arnold at Bemis' Heights," published in your last.

You will there find, that the name which I gave to Arnold's horse—entirely original with me—is used by Mr. H. I bestowed the name of WARREN on the horse, as Arnold ever held the memory of the hero in deep reverence, and on one occasion sent $500 to the children of the dead patriot.

You will also discover that my very language is copied, particularly where Arnold speaks to the soldiers, and says, "You were with me at Quebec—you in the Wilderness—you on Champlain, &c. &c."

Similar language to this can be found in no history, or romance, previous to my article, entitled, "The Black Horse, &c." This language was not only published in the Courier of the 16th of December, 1846, but was one of the main points of my lecture, before the Wirt Institute, December 16, 1845.

I merely adduce these passages in order to refer you more particularly to other parts of the respective narratives, which bear an astonishing similarity.

You will do me the justice to make this examination, and believe me, I write with no spirit of ill-feeling toward Mr. Headley.

GEORGE LIPPARD.

We have looked at the article, entitled "The Black Horse and His Rider," and feel no hesitancy in saying, that *if* "similar language can be found in no history or romance," it appears very probable that Mr. Headley is indebted to the article in question for the two instances of resemblance to which Mr. Lippard specially refers. There is also considerable similarity in the general account of the battle, and the conduct of Arnold on the occasion, the main difference being in point of style. How far this resemblance is owing to both accounts having been derived from the same original sources, we have no means of determining.

EXPENSES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

A correspondent of the Inquirer of this city, who signs himself "Britannicus," states that the British Nation is a gainer instead of a loser by the Royal Family. He calls attention to the fact that the Crown acquired in the old Feudal times immense possessions, which remained in the hands of the Royal Family, until the death of George II., in 1760, when it was deemed expedient both by the King and People, that they should be exchanged for a fixed annual allowance, to be paid in money to the latter. He says:—

Since that period the whole property has been under the management of certain officers, called "Commissioners of Woods and Forests," and its proceeds carried to the public account. That the Nation has no right to complain of the bargain will, I think, be admitted by all who may take the trouble of perusing the following account, for the accuracy of which I can vouch from my own knowledge:

Amount of Hereditary Revenues received from the Crown Lands and carried to public account from 1760 to 1837,	£116,000,000
Sums expended during that period on the Royal Family,	£65,000,000
	51,000,000

Being an annual gain to the public for 77 years, of £662,323 per annum.

I have had no opportunity of investigating the Crown Land account since 1837, but have every reason to believe that the property has even increased—nay, greatly increased—in annual value.

THE RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC.

The Washington Union gives the following as an expedient route for a Railroad to the Pacific. It says that "nearly all of it has been traversed by our troops, accompanied by officers of our enterprising corps of topographical engineers, whose opinions are decidedly in favor of the practicability of the route—being throughout exempt from serious difficulties, and passing through a country capable of sustaining a dense population."

Leaving the Mississippi river, about 100 miles above the city of New Orleans, the distance from thence to the excellent harbor of San Diego, on the Pacific, will not be found to differ much from 1,500. Or, taking the city of New Orleans as the starting point, and continuing the road up the banks of the Mississippi, to a point from which it would be necessary to diverge across the country, the distance or length of railroad would be about 1,600 miles. On either supposition New Orleans would be the great depot on this side. Crossing the State of Louisiana, the railroad would then pass over the better part of the State of Texas to the vicinity of El Paso on the Del Norte. From this vicinity there is already a practical wagon track across the mountain range to the valley of the Gila, thence down the valley of this river to the Colorado of California Bay; thence across to San Diego.

THE TEA GROWING EXPERIMENT.

We see by the Foreign News that the great Tea growing experiment, undertaken by the East India Company, has succeeded even beyond their expectations.

The tea produced at the farm of Kunsoor, is described as equal to the finest Chinese, and has proved very profitable. It has sold on the spot at the highest price of the best imported Chinese. The climate, the produce, and the identity of the plant, are beyond a doubt. One hundred and seventy-six acres only have been as yet cultivated, but 1,000,000 of acres are now open to capital and enterprise, capable of supplying one-sixth of the consumption of Great Britain and Ireland. The cultivation is described as not being difficult, and the returns certain. Tea grown by anybody else than the Chinese, is something new under the sun.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

A correspondent of the Penn. Freeman of this city, gives the following account of the origin of the practice of Tarring and Feathering:—

It boasts a royal genealogy. In the English Penny Magazine, No. 77, August, 1838, we are told that the first fleet which left England for a foreign expedition was that of Richard the 1st, for the Holy Land. The ordinances of Chinon were promulgated for it. They are found in the 1st vol. of Rymer's Foedera. One of them runs thus:

"The thief convicted of stealing shall be clipped in the manner of a champion, and boiling pitch thrown over his head, and feathers from a pillow shaken over him, that he may be known, and he shall be thrown upon the first shore at which the ships touch. Witness ourself at Chinon."

What new thing is there under the sun?

INCOMBUSTIBLE COTTON.

More discoveries probably have been made in science and art by accident and fortunate blunders than in any other way. As a late instance of this fortunate stumbling upon a truth, we notice that a physician in Georgia, is attempting to prepare gun cotton from a receipt sent to him, found to his astonishment, that his cotton not only would not explode, but would not even ignite. He repeated the process and the result was the same. He therefore now claims to have discovered a method of rendering cotton incombustible, at a very small expense. He further alleges that the texture of the cotton is not injured in the least, and is therefore as capable of being made into clothing as before the operation. This, it appears to us, is a discovery of considerable importance.

CORSETS.

Two items of news in relation to the above "lady killers," are before us. One states that the French women, that is, the well-formed of them, "in the insolent confidence of beauty," do not now wear corsets at all. The second item is that a servant girl was found dead in her bed, at Montreal, recently; her death being occasioned by sleeping in tight stays, to preserve her shape. We commend these two items to those of our lady readers who wear corsets, if it be possible that any such can be found among the intelligent patrons of the Post.

FLOW OF WIT.

On last Monday morning every one of the daily papers of this city contained the same witticism upon the capture of Santa Anna's cork leg. The point of the witticism was the use of the phrase "leg-bail." The consternation of the various editors in each finding that his brethren were equally wide awake as to the important purpose to which the leg in question might be put, is represented as being even more laughable than the joke itself.

THE STATE INTEREST.

The State Treasurer of Pennsylvania has again addressed his circular to the various counties of the State, urging the repetition of endeavors to provide means for the payment of the interest due on the State debt, on the first of August next. Pennsylvania, upon such occasions, expects every man to do his duty, and not let our good old State swing a moment behindhand.

MR. MAFFITT.

The Committee authorized to investigate the charges against Mr. Maffitt, have reported, as we learn from the "Christian Advocate and Journal," that, "according to the decision of Bishops Hedding and Janes, Mr. Maffitt is not a member of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church; also, that he is not a member of the Norfolk Street Church, and, according to the Discipline, cannot be received as a preacher in other places, without such a certificate as he has not in his possession, and which he cannot now obtain."

If we understand correctly the meaning of the above, it is that Mr. Maffitt has been deposed from the ministry, and cut off from church fellowship, in the Methodist Church.

FROM A SUBSCRIBER.

No compliments are more valued by the editor of a paper, than such as come from his readers. The certainty of their being disinterested and heartfelt, gives them a peculiar value in his eyes. The following, which we received a few days ago, is an instance of the kind manner in which many of our subscribers, when sending on their subscriptions, speak of the Post. It is from a reverend gentleman in Elmira, N. Y.:—

"To my Family's Friend,
The Saturday Evening Post,

"Enclosed I send two dollars as my yearly payment for *the best Weekly in the range of my reading;* and am very respectfully, Yours, &c."

NEW YORK ELECTION.

It appears that the recent election in *New York* upon the License question, was by no means general. In order to have a new vote taken, it was necessary that one-fourth of the voters should petition for it—and in many of the very strong "No License" towns, the "License" party made no issue this year. It is probable, therefore, that *if* the vote had been more general, the triumph of the "License" party would not have appeared so complete. Such, at least, is the explanation we see given in the N. Y. Tribune.

EXCESSIVE WEALTH.

The N. Y. Dispatch says:

The evils of excessive wealth will soon become so apparent, and so odious, that men will voluntarily pledge themselves never to accumulate above a certain quantity of property; and men who go beyond the mark, instead of being honored and respected for it, will be universally despised, and treated as little better than cheats, swindlers and robbers of their fellow men.

Do you believe the above, reader? We have it under consideration.

A PIRATE OR PRIVATEER.

The schr. Thomas Hooper, Captain Green, on her course to New York from Jamaica, saw a low black hermaphrodite brig (not schooner) crowded with men, which was supposed to be either a pirate or a Mexican privateer. The brig gave chase, but the schooner was too swift footed for her. A ship and barque which were seen by Capt. Green, are believed by him to have been taken by the brig.

New Publications.

OMOO: A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH SEAS. *By Herman Melville, author of "Typee." New York: Harper & Brothers.* This is a most fascinating book. The novelty and wild beauty of the scenes described, and the freshness and loveliness of the writer's style, keep up an interest from the first page to the last equal to that which chains us to a captivating romance. A former work of Mr. Melville's, "Typee," was supposed to be really a romance of the Robinson Crusoe school; but it seems that the author is actually a traveller, and speaks from what his eyes have seen. The present work is a continuation of "Typee." This last we have not read, but the glowing eulogies that it won from all quarters are just such as we should use in speaking of Omoo. Whenever a passage of description occurs in the course of the narrative, there is such a keen appreciation and vivid picturing of natural beauty as to flash before you the full glory of tropical scenery, and set the imagination even of sober, home loving people like ourselves, all aglow with the thought of wandering in those paradisiacal regions. It seems such exquisite physical enjoyment, that we do not wonder at the instances of civilized men renouncing forever the comforts of cultivated life, to revel in the wild freedom, the unbought spontaneous luxuries afforded by the delicious climate of these islands. We should almost be afraid to place Omoo in the way of a young adventurous spirit, lest it tempt him, like Tennyson's ill-starred misanthrope of Locksley Hall,

—"To burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day:
Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.
Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer from the crag;
Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea."

A GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE; ADAPTED TO THE SCHOOLS OF AMERICA. *By Joseph R. Chandler, Editor of the United States Gazette. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.* Mr. Chandler has for many years had the reputation of being one of the best grammarians in the country, and question after question has been submitted to his decision, as the "Grammar King." It seems the most natural thing in the world, therefore, that he should write a book upon his favorite subject. As it would however be the height of presumption in us—who so far from being a "Grammar King," twist the President's English into all manners of shapes to suit our purposes—to give an opinion of the merits of Mr. Chandler's work, we shall content ourselves with simply calling the attention of our readers to it. One thing, however, we may say—that now the "Grammar King" has "written a book," he may thank his star if "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all," don't bark at him.

THE SECRET BAND OF BROTHERS. *Compiled from Original Papers, by J. H. Green, the Reformed Gambler. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co.* This is a most extraordinary account of a band of villains who, some years ago, were leagued together to protect and assist each other in their works of darkness. We should deem the statement incredible, did not the account bear upon its very face inherent evidences of its truth. And yet there is nothing incredible in it, nothing but what is consistent with the existence of professional blacklegs and thieves. Whether this organization of villains still continues, is not expressly stated, though the probability is that it does. The manner in which Mr. Green obtained possession of the constitution of this "*Band of Brothers,*" is minutely given.

GAMBLING UNMASKED, OR THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF J. H. GREEN, THE REFORMED GAMBLER. *Written by Himself. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co.* This is a most interesting work. It shows how a man of naturally good heart, and whose desire is to do right, may be led, by the injustice of society and the force of circumstances, into vicious practices. The wonder in such a case as Mr. Green's is, that he should at length have come out from among his gambling companions and resolved to lead an honest life; and we commend a perusal of his biography as calculated not only to fill the reader with an intense conviction of the evils of gambling, but also to create a spirit of charity towards those who, from the want of proper influences or parental care in early life, have fallen into evil courses.

DICTIONARY OF MODERN GARDENING. *By George William Johnson, Esq., author of the Principles of Practical Gardening, &c. With one hundred and eighty wood cuts. Edited, with numerous additions, by David Landreth, of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* The author says, in his preface, that he has endeavored to gather together in one volume, attainable at a moderate price, an arranged, easily consulted, record of Gardening, as it is. The American edition has been greatly altered from the original, and adapted to this country. It is now put forth as an Encyclopedia of Gardening, if not of Rural Affairs, so condensed as to be within reach of most persons whom those subjects interest.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. *New York: Leavitt, Trow & Co.* It is many a long day since we read the marvellous travels of Lemuel Gulliver among the Lilliputians and Brobdingnagians—and then we were too young to see the satire, but gave it the same credence as we would to a fairy tale. Since that time we have travelled ourselves among various tribes of Lilliputians, and have seen occasionally a stray Brobdingnagian. The present edition of this admirable work contains copious notes, explanatory of the satire, and is embellished with numerous wood cuts. It also contains a life of the author, Dean Swift, by the Rev. John Mitford. It is for sale by *Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co., of this city.*

HEALTH MADE EASY FOR THE PEOPLE. *By the Author of Education; as it is, ought to be, and might be, &c. First American Edition. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co.* From the slight glance, which is all we have been able to give this book, we judge very favorably of its contents. The author inculcates the duty, among other things, of frequent ablutions, and seems to thoroughly understand the various subjects upon which he treats. There is a catechism at the close of the volume, which renders it well calculated for a school book.

EUREKA, OR THE JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF INVENTORS. *G. W. Adriance has received the May number of this periodical. It contains, among other interesting articles, the Report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1846. Price one dollar per annum.*

LONDON WORLD OF FASHION. Godey's reprint for May is before us, with its usual number of tales, &c.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. We are indebted to Zieber & Co., for No. 156 of the Age.

THE ARTS AND MISERIES OF GAMBLING. *By J. H. Green. Fourth edition, improved. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co.* This work contains illustration after illustration, drawn from Mr. Green's personal experience, of the vice and misery that result from the practice of gambling. It also unveils many of the tricks to which gamblers resort, and proves that it is folly to expect fairness in play. Any man who, after reading this book, bets money and chances at cards, walks into the pit with his eyes open.

GRAHAM'S PHONETIC MAGAZINE. The May number of this magazine, contains the first two chapters of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, in Phonetic characters. Mr. Graham also quotes samples of the English of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the spellings of which, he asserts, are nearer the Phonetic than those of the English of the present day—which seems to us an argument rather against than for his favorite system.

THE FARMERS' LIBRARY. We have received from Messrs. *Zieber & Co.*, the May number of this excellent agricultural periodical. It is embellished with two plates of some of the *sheepiest* looking individuals we ever saw. We notice, in turning over the pages, articles upon "Rearing Cattle on Turnips," "Driving and Slaughtering Sheep," "Sheep Husbandry in the South," &c., &c.

THE VICTIM OF INTRIGUE. *A Tale of Burr's Conspiracy. By James W. Taylor. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* The author says in his preface, that this story has grown out of a desire to vindicate the character of John Smith, the first Senator from Ohio, from the imputation of being implicated in the unlawful designs of Aaron Burr, during the years 1806-7.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO

The following particulars of a most decisive action at Cerro Gordo, on the road to and near Jalapa, in which the Mexicans were defeated, are derived from the New Orleans Picayune, &c. According to the despatches of Gen. Scott, there were 3,000 Mexican soldiers taken prisoners, besides La Vega, Herrera, and a large number of officers. Santa Anna, with over 7,000 men, succeeded in escaping—leaving behind, however, his costly travelling carriage, trunks, private papers, $70,000 in silver, and his *cork leg.* The loss of the Americans, in killed and wounded, was about 250—of the Mexicans, about 350 in the battle. Their loss in the retreat is not known. No opposition is anticipated by General Scott to the onward progress of our troops, until they reach Perote—if then.

In the following account, the number of Mexicans taken prisoners, is represented as being much larger, than from Gen. Scott's despatches appears to be the case. Such exaggerations are always to be expected in the unofficial statements of a great battle. The correspondent of the Picayune, writing on the 16th ult., two days before the general battle, gives the following account of the Mexican defences:—

The Mexicans, under Santa Anna, are occupying a chain of works along the road, the nearest of which is about a mile and a quarter from General Scott's head-quarters, in a direct line. The road this side is cut up and barricaded, and every possible means of defence and annoyance has been resorted to.

Beyond the first work there are three or four others, completely commanding the gorge through which the road to Jalapa runs—the fortifications are on hills, and rising so as to defend one another. It is thought that Santa Anna has 20,000 men with him—the lowest estimate gives him 15,000—and with these he has 24 pieces of field artillery, besides some 14 heavy cannon in position. Some of the prisoners and deserters from the enemy's camp ever place higher estimates, both as to the number of men and guns.

To turn these different works a road has been partially cut through the rough ground and chapparal to the right; and, although the reconnoissance is as yet imperfect, it is still thought that a point near the enemy's farthest work can be reached. If Gen. Twiggs succeeds in reaching the rear of Santa Anna, he will use every exertion. I do not see what is to save him.

The following was written after the battle:—

Santa Anna left the Capital with a force of near ten thousand troops, intending to unite with La Vega; and with strong reinforcements of the National Guard, and the rabble (jarochals) of Puebla and other towns on the route, to take position at a strong pass, called Cerro Gordo, and there give our army battle. A stronger position could not have been selected. The road leads through a precipitous ridge, whence the name "Cerro Gordo," or wide ridge. Before and around this ridge, on the road to Vera Cruz, are steep hills, which the enemy had strongly fortified with about twenty-four heavy guns, and a force which, at the lowest estimate, must have been at least 15,000.

Three forts, commanding the road for miles, had first to be carried before the Cerro could be attacked! The hills were covered and the batteries strongly supported by a large force of Santa Anna's best infantry. On the other side of the pass, Santa Anna himself was stationed with 3,000 cavalry,—a position assumed either to cut off the retreat of his men, or to facilitate his own. The battle opened with an attack upon an advanced post, strongly fortified, of the enemy. This was handsomely done by the vanguard of Gen. Twiggs, under the command of Major Sumner—General Smith being unfortunately ill. The new and splendid regiment of mounted riflemen took the lead, and, under a heavy shower of grape and musketry, drove the enemy from their position. Our loss in this affair was heavy. Major Sumner was wounded in the head, and several other officers were badly wounded. When our troops had occupied this position, the enemy made a feint of attacking them, but after a great parade retired to their strong defences.

After this, the enemy kept up an incessant fire on our lines, but without effect. The next day, (18th,) the battle was opened in earnest, and by a succession of brilliant charges, under Generals Twiggs, Shields, Pillow, and Worth, all the various forts and defences were severally carried at the point of the bayonet, the enemy totally routed, and 5,000 of them taken prisoners, together with most of their Generals, and all their baggage and munitions; General Santa Anna narrowly escaped on a mule, taking some bye path through the chapparal.

He was closely followed by his Secretary of War, General Canaliza, who, for his great *reputed* bravery, has been for a long time called the "Lion of Mexico." General Vasquez, who commanded the *corps de reserve* at Buena Vista, was killed. This officer had a high reputation for gallantry and military knowledge. He was a Spaniard who was somewhat distinguished in the Spanish service. Other Mexican officers were killed, but most of them were taken prisoners. Among these are General Herrera, the ex President; Generals Jarero and De La Vega—the former accepted his parole, the latter preferred to enjoy the hospitalities of the good citizens of New Orleans, and will come hither soon with a large force of subordinate officers, who have, perhaps, heard of the pleasures and quietude of life in New Orleans.

This signal achievement has not been gained without a heavy loss on our part. Several valuable officers have been lost, many have been badly wounded, and a large body of the rank and file were strewed over the field and along the cliffs and defiles of this difficult pass. The total of our killed and wounded will not, perhaps, exceed 300. Among the former we fear we shall have to include the name of the gallant and popular General Shields. He fell mortally wounded, shot through the lungs, whilst leading his brigade against one of the enemy's forts. General Pillow, too, was wounded in the advance of his noble Tennesseeans, but succeeded in gloriously carrying the point attacked by him.

The following items are taken from various sources:—

General Santa Anna, in his retreat, was so hotly pursued by Col. Harney, who had command of the 7th Infantry and Mounted Rifles, that he was forced to leave his splendid carriage, trunks, some $70,000 in silver, and one of his cork legs. They are also in camp, and attract much attention, and cause no little merriment.

The Mexican officers who were captured at Cerro Gordo, and who were not released on parole, have arrived at Vera Cruz. They have expressed a wish to be transferred to New Orleans, and are to be placed under such restrictions as the commander of the post may deem necessary; Gen. Scott allowing them the option of remaining prisoners in the Castle at this place, or being sent to New Orleans. They very sensibly preferred the latter arrangement.

Ex President Herrera, and the other three Mexican Generals, with the balance of the officers, have been discharged by Gen. Scott, *upon their parole of honor*, and are now on their march to Jalapa or somewhere else.

Gen. La Vega refused to accept the parole, and goes prisoner to the United States. This move is deemed by Gen. Scott prudent and wise, particularly when the expense of transporting such a body of men is considered.

Gen. La Vega, who is again in our clutches, looks as dashing and fine as ever. He did not seem the least disconcerted, but rode in from the battle-field by the side of Gen. Scott, laughing and talking as though he was once more on the way to New Orleans.

The second in command to Santa Anna was a man as black as the ace of spades, with a name something like Stinton.

All Santa Anna's plate was taken, and his dinner eaten by our own officers.

Thirty beautiful brass cannon and a large quantity of ammunition were captured.

Some of the Mexican officers taken prisoners attribute the defeat to the cowardice or corruption of Santa Anna. They admit that he had eight thousand men in the lines and six thousand outside of the entrenchments.

The Mexican infantry who fought so well at Buena Vista, and all the regular artillerists were present.

Several officers released by Gen. Scott after the capitulation of Vera Cruz, without parole, on account of the gallantry displayed there, were found among the killed and wounded.

Orders issued on the evening previous to the Battle.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
Plan del Rio, April 17, 1847.

General Orders, No. 111.—The enemy's whole line of entrenchments and batteries will be attacked in front, and at the same time turned, early in the day to-morrow—probably before 10 o'clock, A. M.

The second (Twiggs') division of regulars is already advanced within easy turning distance towards the enemy's left. That division has instructions to move forward, before daylight to-morrow, and take up position across the National Road, in the enemy's rear, so as to cut off a retreat towards Jalapa. It may be reinforced to-day, if unexpectedly attacked in force, by regiments, one or two taken from Shield's brigade of volunteers. If not, the two volunteer regiments will march for that purpose at daylight to-morrow morning, under Brig. Gen. Shields, who will report to Brig. Gen. Twiggs on getting up with him, or the General-in-Chief, if he be in advance.

The remaining regiment of that volunteer brigade will receive instructions in the course of this day.

The first division of regulars (Worth's) will follow the movement against the enemy's left, at sunrise to-morrow morning.

As already arranged, Brig. Gen. Pillow's brigade will march at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning, along the route he has carefully reconnoitered, and stand ready as soon as he hears the report of arms on our right, or sooner, if circumstances should favor him, to pierce the enemy's line of batteries at such point—the nearer the river the better—as he may select. Once in the rear of that line, he will turn to the right or left, or both, and attack the batteries in reverse, or if abandoned, he will pursue the enemy with vigor until further orders.

Wall's field battery and the cavalry will be held in reserve on the National Road, a little out of view and range of the enemy's batteries. They will take up that position at 9 o'clock in the morning.

The enemy's batteries being carried or abandoned, all our divisions and corps will pursue them with vigor.

This pursuit may be continued many miles, until stopped by darkness or fortified positions, towards Jalapa. Consequently, the body of the army will not return to this encampment; but be followed to-morrow afternoon, or early the next morning, by the baggage trains of the several corps. For this purpose, the feebler officers and men of each corps will be left to guard its camp and effects, and to load up the latter in the wagons of the corps. A commander of the present encampment will be designated in the course of the day.

As soon as it shall be known that the enemy's works have been carried, or that the general pursuit has been commenced, one wagon for each regiment and one for the cavalry will follow the movement, to receive, under the directions of medical officers, the wounded and disabled, who will be brought back to this place for treatment in general hospital.

The Surgeon General will organize this important service, and designate that hospital, as well as the medical officers to be left at it.

Every man who marches out to attack or pursue the enemy, will take the usual allowance of ammunition, and subsistence for at least two days.

By command of Maj. Gen. Scott.

H. L. SCOTT, A. A. General.

Killed—2d Tennessee Regiment, under Col. Haskell.—Lieuts. Gill and F. B. Nelson; Sergeants H. S. Bynum and ——— Brown; privates George Kersey, Wm. O. Stripling, Fleming Williams, Ephraim Price, C. A. Sampson, Samuel Floyd, Robert Kernan, Thomas Griffin.

Killed—Kentucky Volunteers.—Corporal Wm. F. Elkins; Wm. Dudson.

Wounded—1st Pennsylvania Regiment.—John Linhart. ——— Lindsey.

Wounded—2d Pennsylvania Regiment.—Jacob Simons, mortally; Edward Cross, Thomas Hann, John Chamler—all of Philadelphia Rangers; James Shaw, Abraham Rowlan, Wm. Wilhelm, Fred Somers.

Wounded—2d Tennessee Regiment.—Brig. Gen. Pillow, very slightly; Lieut. Col. Cummings; Maj. Robert Farquharson, (of 1st regiment;) Capt. Murray, Lieut. Yorwood, Lieut. W. P. Haile; private C. Ross, Benj. O. Havre, Joseph M. Woods, George Desmond, Wm. England, Richard L. Bohanan, John Gunter, Alfred, Hettan, L. W. Fussell, Wm. Whittington, John Burrows, Charles Johnson, George A. Smith, Alonzo White, Francis Bibb, M. Brewer.

Wounded—Kentucky Volunteers.—Lt. Southerland; Sergeant Allen T. Meekshee; privates Henry Brewer, Minor T. Smith, Henry Williams, Josh Langston, Whitmore Kieth.

Many of the above are mortally wounded.

THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

The following account of the part taken by the troops of our own State in the battle, is taken from a letter in the Public Ledger:—

"The opening of Twiggs' batteries, on the morning of the 17th, was the signal for our brigade, commanded by Gen. Pillow, to move. The first Pennsylvania and second Tennessee regiments led the van, to which the first Tennesseeans and the second Pennsylvanians formed a supporting column. The utmost enthusiasm and confidence prevailed. Gen. Patterson, though laboring under severe illness, rode on horseback in front of our line as we were leaving the main road for the chapparal, and was received with tremendous cheering. After leaving the main road we marched along mere sheep tracks, through dense chapparal, in Indian file, which in the presence of any other enemy must have ensured our destruction. In this manner we marched about four miles, when we came to an open spot, and received orders to hasten forward at double quick time. At this moment the enemy's bugles sounded the alarm, and just as we cleared the space and were rising a hill the other side, the enemy opened upon us with musketry and grape. But we, I mean the first Pennsylvanians, had passed the point of extreme danger, and the fire took but little effect upon us, passing principally over our heads, and falling among the second Tennesseeans. The second Pennsylvanians and first Tennesseeans received a portion of this fire. Orders had been given to our troops not to fire till the word of command had been given, and most rigidly were the orders obeyed. Although exposed to the most galling fire, the shot falling like hail among us, and cutting off the limbs of the trees over and around us, yet when we had taken our position to be ready to charge the entrenchments, not a musket had been emptied. A more signal piece of gallantry and coolness never before was displayed by the most well tried and veteran troops. At this moment, Gen. Pillow was wounded in the arm and left the field. We waited in position for half an hour without orders, when at length we received an order to move away, lest we should be raked by three pieces of artillery which commanded our flank, and which, but for the consternation of the enemy, would have cut us to pieces. We moved about twenty yards down the hill, when we discovered a party of the enemy gaining, as we thought, our rear, but soon found that it was a flag of truce. Our reconnoiterers reported also that a white flag was waving over the entrenchments, and presently we had the agreeable information that Santa Anna had retreated with the loss of all his artillery, and that six or seven thousand of his troops had surrendered prisoners of war. We marched down to the camp with our blue homemade Pennsylvania flag, borne by Sergeant Matthew Gilfry, waving in triumph, escorting the six thousand prisoners to a place of security.

I am astonished at the small extent of our loss, when I reflect upon the tremendous fire we were under. So near were we to the enemy's guns that some of our men were powder burned by their discharges, and their burning cartridge paper and wads struck us, and set fire to our clothing in several instances.

GENERAL SCOTT'S DESPATCHES.

We take the following extracts from the despatches of Gen. Scott to the War Department, announcing his victory. In speaking of the attack led by Col. Harney upon the heights of Cerro Gordo, Gen. Scott says:—

The style of execution, which I had the pleasure to witness, was most brilliant and decisive. The brigade ascended the long and difficult slope of Cerro Gordo, without shelter, and under the tremendous fire of artillery and musketry with the utmost steadiness, reaching the breastworks, drove the enemy from them, planted the colors of the 1st artillery, 3d and 7th infantry—the enemy's flag still flying—and after some minutes of sharp firing, finished the conquest with the bayonet.

It is a most pleasant duty to say that the highest praise is due to Harney, Childs, Plympton, Loring, Alexander, their gallant officers and men, for this brilliant service, independent of the great results which soon followed.

Worth's division of regulars coming up at the time, he detached Brevet Lieut. Col. C. F. Smith, with his light battalion, to support the assault, but not in time. The General, reaching the tower a few minutes before me, and observing a white flag displayed from the nearest portion of the enemy towards the batteries below, sent Cols. Harney and Childs to hold a parley. The surrender followed in an hour or two.

Major General Patterson left a sick bed to share in the dangers and fatigues of the day, and after the surrender, went forward to command the advanced forces towards Xalapa.

Brigadier General Pillow and his brigade twice assaulted with great daring the enemy's line of batteries on our left, and though without success, they contributed much to distract and dismay their immediate opponents.

President Santa Anna, with Generals Canalizo and Almonte, and some six or eight thousand men, escaped towards Xalapa just before Cerro Gordo was carried, and before Twiggs' division reached the national road above.

I have determined to parole the prisoners—officers and men—as I have not the means of feeding them here, beyond to-day, and cannot afford to detach a heavy body of horse and foot, with wagons, to accompany them to Vera Cruz. Our baggage train, though increasing, is not yet half large enough to give an assured progress to this army. Besides, a greater number of prisoners would, probably, escape from the escort in the long and deep sandy road, without subsistence—ten to one—than we shall find again, out of the same body of men, in the ranks opposed to us.

Not one of the Vera Cruz prisoners is believed to have been in the lines of Cerro Gordo. Some six of the officers, highest in rank, refuse to give their parole, except to go to Vera Cruz, and thence, perhaps, to the United States.

One of the principal motives for paroling the prisoners of war is, to diminish the resistance of other garrisons in our march.

The small arms and their accoutrements, being of no value to our army here or at home, I have ordered them to be destroyed; for we have not the means of transporting them. I am also somewhat embarrassed with the ——— pieces of artillery—all bronze—which we have captured. It would take a brigade and half the mules of this army to transport them fifty miles. A field battery I shall take for service in the army; but the heavy metal must be collected and left here for the present. We have our own siege train and the proper carriages with us.

Being much occupied with the prisoners, and all the details of a forward movement, besides looking to the supplies which are to follow from Vera Cruz, I have time to add no more—intending to be at Xalapa early to-morrow. We shall not, probably, again meet with serious opposition this side of Perote—certainly not, unless delayed by the want of the means of transportation.

FROM THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Accounts from the city of Mexico state that Gomez Farias has been removed from power—a bill having passed Congress, 38 to 3, in favor of suppressing the Vice Presidency of the Republic, previous to Santa Anna leaving the capital. On the day after his departure, Pedro Anaya was chosen as his substitute, receiving 60 votes, and Almonte only 11.

Anaya took the oath and entered upon his duties as substitute on the 2d of April. The next day he held a consultation with various military officers and distinguished individuals on the propriety of fortifying the capital. Opinions were generally expressed that works should be immediately commenced, and the Government had charged the principal Engineer to prepare the plans for the fortifications in two days.

The inaugural address of Anaya, and the address of Santa Anna to the Constituent Congress are published in the Picayune. The first discloses fully the views of the acting Executive in regard to the war, and the other will rank among Santa Anna's ablest productions.

All the speeches and public addresses breathe a fierce and determined hostility to this country, and exclude all thoughts of peace. A Guerilla warfare is strenuously advocated by the leading members of Congress.

Gen. Morales, who so gallantly defended Vera Cruz, and Gen. Landero, who signed the capitulation, were both immediately put under arrest by Santa Anna and ordered to Guanajuato.

In the city of Mexico civil order appears to reign, but the tone of the papers breathe nothing but vengeance towards the United States.

The exploits of Gens. Urrea and Romero in cutting off our mule trains between Cerralvo and Monterey, afford occasion for congratulation to the Mexicans, which is eagerly embraced. It is about all the consolation they have left them. They counted with all confidence, both in the city of Mexico and in Vera Cruz, upon defeating us at Cerro Gordo.

The Government organ denies that Gen. Paredes is seeking in Paris the interposition of the French Government.

The Clergy of the Archbishopric of Mexico have bound themselves to the Government for a million and a half of dollars, payable monthly. The Clergy of the different Bishoprics are to do the same.

The subject is again agitated of removing the seat of Government from the city of Mexico.

CERRO GORDO.

Capt. Hughs, of the Topographical Engineers, thus describes Cerro Gordo:—

The road from Vera Cruz, as it passes the Plan del Rio, which is a wide, rocky bed of a once large stream, is commanded by a series of high cliffs, rising one above the other, and extending several miles, and all well fortified. The road then debouches to the right, and curving around the ridge, passes over a high cliff, which is completely enfiladed by forts and batteries. This ridge is the commencement of the *Terra Templada*, the upper or mountainous country. The high and rocky ravine of the river protected the right flank of the position, and a series of most abrupt and apparently impassable mountains and ridges covered their left. Between these points, running a distance of two or three miles, a succession of strongly fortified forts bristled at every turn, and seemed to defy all bravery and skill.

The Cerro Gordo commanded the road on a gentle declination, like a glacis, for nearly a mile—an approach in that direction was impossible. A front attack must have resulted in the almost entire annihilation of our army. But the enemy expected such an attack, confiding in the desperate valor of our men, and believing that it was impossible to turn their position to the right or left. Gen. Scott, however, with the eye of a skillful general, perceived the trap set for him, and determined to avoid it. He therefore had a road cut to the right, so as to escape the front fire from the Cerro, and turn his position on the left flank.

CAPTURE OF TUSPAN.

News has been received at New Orleans by the schooner Gen. Patterson, of the capture of Tuspan by Com. Perry.

The Gen. Patterson fell in with Com. Perry and his squadron on their return from the Tuspan expedition on the 24th ultimo, twenty-five miles North of Vera Cruz.

She was boarded by an officer from the U. S. Steamer Scorpion, who put letters on board, and who reported to Capt. Jackson that on the 19th, Tuspan had been taken, after a fierce and determined resistance by the Mexican troops. We lost some four men killed and fourteen wounded, among whom were four officers. Capt. Tatnall slightly, Lieut. Parker severely, Lieut. Hartstein, and Passed Midshipman Lounds, slightly.

The Mexicans finding other resistance unavailing spiked all their guns, razed the defences of the place and then abandoned it.

MAKING THEM PAY UP.

The Picayune extra of the 3d instant, has a copy of the Matamoras Flag, of the 21st ultimo. The following is the most important paragraph in it:—

We stated, not long ago, that Gen. Taylor had resolved on a requisition upon the States of New Leon, Coahuila, and Tamaulipas, for indemnification for the destruction of the public property of the U. States by Mexican robbers in those departments of Mexico. Since then, Col. Cushing has received an order directing him to call upon the Alcaldes of this place, and will accordingly pay his respects to their honors this morning. The proportion of this department is $47,500, and can be liquidated in mules at $20 a head, beef cattle at $10, or corn at $3 per *fanega*, (three bushels.) The Alcaldes here will confer with the authorities of other towns as to the amount of taxable property in their several districts, to serve as data in fixing the proportion of each. The quarter-master here will receipt for all that may be "forked over!"

LATER FROM MEXICO.

On the 8th of April last, a law passed the Mexican Congress calling upon all Mexicans capable of bearing arms to enter the service of the Government.

The Governor of Chihuahua had arrived at the city of Mexico on the 10th ult., and was petitioning for aid to drive back "the perfidious invaders" of the territory.

Tampico dates to the 27th had been received. It was remarkably healthy there. The new tariff had been received and put into operation.

READING RAILROAD.

Charles Gould, of New York, has filed a bill of equity in the Court of Nisi Prius against the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, and its officers and managers.

The bill charges that the Company is hopelessly insolvent; asks for its dissolution on the ground of insolvency; that a Receiver may be appointed to take charge of its assets, and apply the same in liquidation of its debts—and prays an injunction against the officers of the Company from acting further in its concerns, and that they may be enjoined from issuing the proposed bonds for the permanent change of the floating debt.

The friends of the Company assert that the proceeding has been instituted with an intent to depress the value of the stock for the purposes of speculation. In support of this view they adduce the fact that no injunction can be obtained until the Court resumes its session in November next. If the complainant really wished an investigation, by filing his bill in the Court of Common Pleas, which is now in session, and which has full jurisdiction, an injunction could be obtained upon cause shown in forty-eight hours.

We understand that the officers of the Company are willing to go into the inquiry asked for, and court immediate investigation.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Tuesday, 3, P. M.—The stock of flour is light, and holders of standard brands ask $8—buyers offer $7½. Sales of small parcels of extra making at $8a8¼. Corn Meal $5, with sales. Rye Flour $5¼.

GRAIN.—The price of wheat is advancing. Sales of Pennsylvania red 173a175c—white is in demand at 180c. Rye 100c.; Corn 103a105c, and Oats at 52a53c.

WHISKEY—30c.

FIRE IN COLUMBUS, OHIO.—A fire occurred on the evening of the 6th instant which destroyed the shops attached to the State Penitentiary, and communicated to the large manufacturing establishment of saddlery and hardware of Mr. Hayden's. The loss is estimated at $90,000. There were several hundred convicts in the Penitentiary, none of whom escaped, but they were all active in lending assistance to extinguish the flames.

EXTRAORDINARY PASSAGE.—The steam ship Southerner, Captain Berry, arrived at New York on Tuesday morning week, *forty-eight hours* from the bar of Charleston, S. C.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, and Frederick J. Hawes.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, Theodore F. Blake, T. S. Waterman, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer and John W. Wightman,* the two last named in place of B. B. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

Local Intelligence.

NATIONAL MEDICAL CONVENTION.

The Second Annual Convention of the above named body was recently held in this city. A great deal of business of various kinds was transacted, which it is scarcely necessary to lay before our readers; as it more particularly interests the profession, who will doubtless find the proceedings regularly reported in the Medical Journals. Perhaps the most important of the doings of the Convention, was the organization of a Society, under the name of "The American Medical Association," of which the following gentlemen were elected officers:—

Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, of Pennsylvania, President.

Dr. J. Knight, of New Haven; A. H. Stevens, of New York; Dr. Moultrie, of South Carolina; Dr. Buchanan, of Tennessee, Vice Presidents.

Drs. Stille, of Philadelphia, and Dunbar, of Philadelphia, Secretaries.

Dr. J. Hays, of Philada., Treasurer.

Two thousand copies of the proceedings of the Convention and Association were ordered to be printed, and the Association then adjourned to meet again in May, 1848, in Baltimore.

GEN. THOMAS THUMB.

His littleness, General Thomas Thumb, familiarly called Tom Thumb, has arrived in this city, and is prepared to receive his numerous admirers in the Museum Building, in Ninth below Chesnut street. He holds three levees in the course of each day and evening, at which he gives an account of his travels in foreign parts, and goes through his various wonderful performances. Although General Thumb has enjoyed admirable health during his absence from this country, he still is as little as ever. The innumerable kisses he daily received, having had the effect to prevent an increase in bulk—the only danger being, especially in London and Paris, that he would be kissed all away. This also accounts for his continuing to be, as all the ladies aver, such a *sweet* little fellow. This will be the last opportunity to see the General, as he is resolutely bent upon retiring before many months, to private life—unless some of his devoted friends should *insist* upon running him for the Presidency; in which case, he thinks, that being so very small, he could hardly fail of going in.

A TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

A man by the name of Samuel Lewis, was bound over on last Saturday by Judge Kelly, for annoying the congregation that worship at the Callowhill street Universalist Church, by thrusting tracts "into their faces." The testimony proved that the defendant had repeatedly been at the above place distributing tracts, and upon several occasions, held discussions on religious subjects with persons who collected about him. The conduct of the defendant, however, had always been peaceable, and there was no doubt, from the evidence, that he acted under an improper zeal. Judge Kelly said that the defendant seemed to have forgotten that every man had a constitutional right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; and was disposed to deny that right to those who differed with him in his particular tenets of faith. He was required to enter bail to the amount of $300 for his future good behaviour.

DINNER TO COM. CONNER.

A public dinner was given, on Thursday of last week, in this city, to Commodore Conner. Over one hundred gentlemen were present on the occasion.

Joseph R. Ingersoll presided, assisted by T. M. Pettit and J. M. Read as Vice Presidents. Among the guests present, were Vice President Dallas, Commodores Stewart and Morgan, Mayor Swift, C. J. Ingersoll, Captain Engels of the Princeton, and several other officers of the Army and Navy.

The usual quantity of victuals was eaten upon the occasion, the usual number of toasts drank, and rather an unusual number of songs sung, after which the company dispersed.

DEATH OF DR. McCLELLAN.

Doctor George McClellan, one of the most distinguished physicians of this city, and probably the most distinguished surgeon in the United States, died very suddenly on Saturday night last. On the morning of that day he is represented as having been in the enjoyment of his usual health and high spirits; but in the afternoon he was attacked by a bilious colic, of which he died in the course of the night. The loss of one so gifted in his profession, is a public calamity.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city were 120—52 adults and 68 children.

General News.

EXPERIMENT AT POTTSVILLE WITH GUN COTTON.—The result of a series of experiments in mining with gun cotton, is published in the Pottsville papers. No smoke or vitiation of the atmosphere was perceived after any of the experiments, except that which resulted from the squibs used for communicating the fire to the charge. The equivalent of powder would have completely filled the tunnel with smoke. Another important quality of the cotton is, that it can be charged into side and upper holes, without the necessity of a covering to enclose it. Two ounces of cotton, equivalent to about twenty ounces of such powder as is used for blasting can be made into a cartridge six inches in length, and 1½ inches in diameter. While with the same diameter, the powder would occupy about two feet; thus an important economy may be gained by using smaller drills, both in the cost of the instrument, and the time necessary to make the holes to tamp the charge.

TRADE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY WITH THE NORTH.—The New Orleans Commercial Review, in a late number, has an article exhibiting the movements of the North to draw off the trade of the Valley of the Mississippi from the South, in which it is stated, according to estimates, that within the last ten years the exports of the State of Ohio, by way of the Erie Canal, have increased in the following ratio:—Flour, 800 per cent; wheat, 1,300 do; barrels of provisions, 1,006, do.; pearl and pot ashes, 800 do; wool, 2,000, do; staves, 4,000, do. Receipts of flour at New Orleans during 1845 were 533,312 bbls; receipts at Buffalo, by the Erie Canal, for the same year, 717,466 bbls. Of wheat, receipts at New Orleans were 128,528 bushels; at Buffalo, 7,354,990 bushels—an immense difference, thus showing that the enterprise of the North has already diverted from the great emporium of the South much of that trade which doubtless it would otherwise have enjoyed.

ARMY LIFE.—The Army correspondent of the North American says:—

The harsh treatment and privations that the men are subjected to soon make one callous to all but his own feelings and interests. I daily witness painful spectacles of human degradation and selfishness that before seemed impossible to our nature. Men we have known at home as generous to prodigality, become, here, the most narrow-minded, sordid, hoggish (if you will allow the word,) creatures imaginable; yet, *vice versa*, some who were accounted of no great moment at home, turn up bright sides and astonish us as much by their liberality as do others by their cupidity.

MORE SPECIE COMING.—Two immense sums of money have been devised in England to persons in this country. The first is the famous Townley estate, in the division of which, it is believed, that the family of the Lawrences in New York, will ultimately obtain over $25,000,000. The other is a wind-fall, amounting to $30,000,000, which is said to be inherited by a gentleman in New Castle, Me. of the name of Jennings.

A HINT TO VOLUNTEERS.—One who has seen the "elephant" in Mexico, writes that it is much pleasanter and safer to volunteer in the dragoons than in any other division of the army. It costs Uncle Sam a considerable amount for a horse, and the commanding officers are extremely careful in exposing the riders to unnecessary danger.

KIDD'S TREASURE.—The story about the finding of Kidd's treasure, at Caldwell's Landing, proves untrue. There is one consolation for the poor fellows, however; it don't prove that the treasure is not there.—*Lynn News.*

WHITEWASH.—It is said that a pint of varnish mixed with a bucket of whitewash, will give it in a great degree, the qualities of paint, and it will withstand all kinds of weather.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

RISE IN THE PRICES OF ALL KINDS OF GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

The Caledonia brings fourteen days later intelligence from Europe.

A heavy business had been transacted since the sailing of the last steamship, and the depression in wheat, flour, and Indian corn had given way to buoyancy and activity.

On the 12th ult. wheat advanced from two to three shillings per quarter, and flour met with excellent demand at full rates. Indian corn was quiet, but steady in value. A further advance of one shilling to a quarter, in Wheat, took place on the 14th ult.

Indian Corn is in demand, but the supplies are almost exhausted. Of American Flour, the diminution of the stock is so considerable that the prices of the best brands are full one shilling per barrel above the prices of the 12th.

April 19th, the market was the scene of much agitation, and nearly all that was on sale was eagerly taken on French and Belgian accounts, at a rise of prices equal to six shillings per quarter over those of that day week.

The cotton market is also improved.

Letters from Alexandria announce that, on the 22d ult., upward of forty vessels, laden with corn, left that port, mostly for England.

The import duty imposed upon rice by the states of the Zollverein, has been abolished, in consideration of the present high price of provisions.

The application of coal tar, which has in some places been used as a remedy for the potato blight, is said to have frequently destroyed the vegetative power of the seed.

An officer in the Indian army is said to have partly succeeded in granulating gun cotton, so as to produce a species of white gunpowder.

The Augsburg Gazette states that a chemist of Vienna has produced bread from oil-cake—the refuse of the Colza seed, after extracting the oil—which is both agreeable and nutritive, and costs only a half-penny per pound.

The Saxon government has determined that corn, flour, and pulse, from foreign countries, passing in transit on the Elbe to Saxony, shall be admitted, till the end of September, free from duty.

The condition of the manufacturers in Vienna is deplorable. Most of the cotton spinners work at a loss, and have been obliged to diminish the number of their hands. The unemployed spinners are now about fifteen hundred in number. They have neither bread nor work.

In Germany, and particularly in Silesia, the crops bear an appearance so promising, that the markets of the country already begin to feel the effect by a sensible reduction in prices.

The Austrian Government is establishing agricultural schools in all parts of the empire.

Lieutenant Moriarty, R. N., has been appointed emigration agent for the port of Baltimore.

The lady of Minister Bancroft had the honor of dining with the Queen at Buckingham palace on the 15th ult.

The West India Royal Mail Steam-packet Company have purchased the Great Western for £25,000.

Mr. Ronge was undergoing a month's imprisonment at Breslau for preaching without permission of the authorities.

A good deal of discussion and correspondence has appeared in the papers since the sailing of the Cambria, respecting Mr. Frederick Douglass, an anti-slavery lecturer who went out passenger in that vessel.

The state of affairs in Ireland is improving. Matters have reached their worst, and are now mending. The last accounts of Mr. O'Connell's health are very unsatisfactory.

The condition of the Bank of England excites some attention, and among commercial men no little degree of alarm. The bullion is rapidly disappearing, and to keep it at home the rate of interest is raised to counteract foreign exchanges.

There is an inspired feeling in the manufacturing districts. At Manchester a better inquiry has sprung up for goods and yarn, and a fair business would be done if spinners and manufacturers would moderate their expectations as to prices.

The proceedings of Parliament since the sailing of the last steamer possess but little interest. The business will be wound up as speedily as possible, in order to prepare for its dissolution, which is to follow in June or July next. Perhaps the history of England does not present a time when less party feeling prevailed.

Affairs in Portugal are approaching the climax. The tedious, unsatisfactory struggle between the insurgents and the Queen's troops, is drawing to a close. The Queen's troops seem unable to meet the emergency, and the protection of Great Britain has been solicited. Fears have been entertained that the person of the Queen is not safe in the Capital. A rising is anticipated.

The Prussian General Diet was opened by a speech from the King at Berlin on the 11th. The King made an extraordinary speech, and as lengthy as it was novel.

The French Government, in imitation of that of England, has forbidden French citizens from accepting letters of marque, which Mexico has distributed with profusion in English, French and Spanish harbors.

The suttee has been abolished in the Nizam's dominions; being the second instance of this progressive improvement in a native Indian state.

The Indian Government has resolved, at the request of the Council of Education of Bengal, to found a University at Calcutta, on the model of the University of London.

Some tea which has lately been grown in the Indian district of Kumaon, is said to be fully equal in quality to the finest Chinese teas; and its cultivation is expected to prove profitable.

THE JAMESTOWN.—Our readers will be gratified to learn that the United States ship Jamestown, laden with provisions for the relief of the Irish, and commanded by Robert B. Forbes, arrived safely at Cork, from Boston, after a prosperous and splendid passage of fifteen days! The papers speak of this event as "one of the proudest in American history; which speaks trumpet-tongued for the national benevolence, and is probably the noblest charity on record." The following particulars are given:

Her arrival called forth the liveliest sensations of joy and gratitude, and thousands flocked to see the noble ship.

A meeting of the Cork District Railway Committee was held on the 13th, when a requisition was promptly prepared, calling on the mayor to summon a meeting of the citizens, to devise the best means of welcoming and acknowledging the gift. "The bells of Shandon," and of the Cathedral were joyfully rung, and the Cove was splendidly illuminated on the evening of the 14th.

A deputation of the gentry of Cork, headed by Dr. Millett, J. P., visited the ship on the 13th, and presented Capt Forbes with an address, to which he replied in suitable and touching terms. After some conversation the deputation withdrew, having previously invited Capt. Forbes and officers to a public dinner on the 15th, at Cove, which the gallant gentlemen accepted. The dinner was a very splendid affair, and attended by the most influential classes in and around Cove. Capt. Forbes was the hero of the day, and acquitted himself in an admirable manner. On the 16th, a public meeting was held at the County Court House, Cork, for the purpose of returning thanks to Capt. Forbes and his patriotic crew, for the sympathy they had shown towards the suffering population of Ireland.

The European Times makes the following remarks:—

"The grateful hearts of the Irish people are elated at the noble and generous conduct of Congress in sending them a large quantity of food free of expense, and what enhances the obligation the more is the fact that the gratuity has been sent in an American frigate. This event has excited a feeling in Cork, the Southern metropolis of Ireland, greater than words can describe. The people are in ecstacies. Nothing, certainly, as far as a peace-offering goes, could produce a feeling towards America more than this humble recognition of their sufferings. In the hour of distress, people are susceptibly alive to the sympathy of others. Nations, like individuals, can best appreciate those who show kind and generous feelings when it is most needed. Taken in this sense, the consideration of the Americans will not be without its fruit; and if circumstances should ever arise when it may be necessary to throw oil on the troubled waters of international hostility, the circumstances to which we refer, must, in the nature of things, possess a God-like influence."

THE COTTON MARKET FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 16.

In consequence of later accounts from the United States in the earlier part of the week, which will induce estimates of the crop, there was an improved demand from the trade as well as from speculators, at an advance of ⅛d. to ¼d. per pound upon American descriptions.

The Boston steamer arrived yesterday, and the information she brought of the great and sudden falling off in the receipts at the ports, as compared with the last year, produced a very animated demand, and the market closed with firmness at an advance upon last week's quotations, of ⅛ to ¼ pence per pound upon American, and ⅛ to ¼ pence upon all others.

Speculators have taken 25,000 American, 1,800 Egyptian, and 3,720 Surat, and for export 1,650 American, 230 Pernambuco, 50 Maranham, and 170 Surat. The sales of the week are 66,130 bales.

Report for April 17th and 19th.—The demand for cotton has been more moderate since the 16th. The sales do not exceed 7,000 to 8,000 bales; prices are receding, and the market has a quiet appearance. Yesterday the sales reported included 3,800 American at 6¾d. to 7¼d.; 150 Pernambuco at 8d.; 100 Egyptian at 7¼d. to 8¼d. We may further observe the decline is fully ⅛d. since report.

Religious News.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

A meeting for the formation of an American Evangelical Alliance, was held in New York on Wednesday week, Chief Justice Hornblower presiding. After a full discussion, the meeting adopted a series of five resolutions, in addition to the views put forth by the London Convention. The following are the principal resolutions:—

1. That in accordance with the first and second of the Evangelical principles of the basis, it is the right of every individual man, throughout the world, to possess the word of God, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, and obey that word for himself, under his responsibility to God, who has given him that revelation to be a lamp to his feet and a light to his path.

3. Inasmuch as the peculiar circumstances of this country seem to demand an expression of sentiment on the subject of slavery, this alliance declares that discrimination is to be made between those who hold Slaves, not by their own fault, or for the sake of their own advantage, but from motives entirely benevolent, and those who hold their fellow creatures in bondage for the sake of gain, and that the former are to be regarded as entitled to fellowship, while the latter cannot be received as members of this Alliance.

Still the one object of the Alliance shall be steadily kept in view, which is not the promotion of temperance nor the removal of slavery or any other specific evil, however desirable those objects may be in themselves, but the promotion of Christian union and brotherly love.

Political Intelligence

ELECTION IN LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Whigs have carried the *city of Louisville* by a majority of several hundreds. Upon the License question the vote was 676 for "License," and 1,085 for "No License." On the question of a subscription by the city, to the stock of the Lexington and Louisville Railroad Company, the vote was 1,499 yeas to 308 nays.

STATE OF IOWA.—The Democrats have carried their candidates in every judicial district:—1st district, Williams's majority, 351; 2d do., Grant's majority, 448; 3d do., Olney's majority, 72; 4th do., Carlton's majority, 561. Total Democratic majority, 1,432. But Mason, Democrat, has been defeated as superintendent, by Harlan, Whig, by about 430.

ELECTION IN WILMINGTON, DEL.—The Democrats in three Wards elected all their candidates; in the Fourth Ward the Whigs elected theirs. The Democratic majority on an average is over 60.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.—The election of Irvin, Whig, has been decided by the official returns. His majority is four. McMullen, Democrat, is elected by a majority of one.

Miscellaneous.

ANTITHESIS.

BY MRS. M. T. W. CHANDLER.

When thou, dear child, wrapt in unconscious sleep,
Within my circling arms thy form didst lay,
From troubled rest I oft would start and weep,
And dream some power had borne thee far away.
Pale with affright, and trembling with my fears,
I woke—to find thee slumb'ring on my heart—
And with a gush of warm and grateful tears,
I bade the visionary dread depart.

But now, when sinking to my lonely rest,
Brooding o'er mem'ries of thine infant charms,
In my false dreams, I lull thee on my breast,
And fold thee, soft and warm, within mine arms,
Who, then, shall tell the anguish of my soul,
When the chill morning cometh—bleak and lone—
When the sweet spell which o'er my senses stole,
Hath vanished, and I wake—to find thee gone!

U. S. Gazette.

DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.—A German, Gutzhow, says of the German language, "it is far too abstract for ordinary purposes. It expresses nothing right out, is full of paraphrases, and is far too much a curial language to be all the orator requires." The English tongue he holds to be "as natural as passion itself;" French "the language of conversation, of mutual understanding, and amiable persuasion."

COST OF A WIFE'S HONOR.—One Mr. Jones, in Queen's County New York, has recovered $5,000 damages of George W. Heustiss, for an improper intimacy with the former's wife. Mrs. Jones, it will be recollected, eloped from Hempstead last Summer. Mrs. Flower eloped at the same time and in the same company with Mr. Heustiss. *If Jones gets five thousand, what will Flower get?*

VEGETATION.—We hear very sad accounts of the vegetation. The unfavorable weather has retarded the growth of the wheat and grasses so much, that fears are entertained of unproductive crops. Even the red clover, which has a deep root, and generally forces its way up, is stationary. We need rain, and gentler and more agreeable weather.—*U. S. Gazette.*

RELIEF OF SCOTLAND.—The Scottish Relief Committee, in Pittsburg, have been laboring effectively, and, as a part of their labors, remitted to this city, on Friday week, $2,100 and fifty barrels of flour. The flour is carried free of charge by Messrs. Graff & Co. The Committee has other contributions to send forward.

Clippings.

☞ The result of the battle of Cerro Gordo has shown how much more reliable in time of war are wooden legs than flesh and blood ones. While Santa Anna's live leg ran away, the wooden one was firm to the last.—*North American.*

☞ A single family living in Braintree, Massachusetts, has been deprived of a father and two sons by three several railroad accidents, each of which killed one.

☞ The Courts of Mifflin and Blair Counties, have refused to grant tavern licences, on the ground that the laws authorising, do not compel them to do so.

☞ Mr. Asa B. Hutchinson, one of the "Hutchinson family," was married at Nantucket on the 3d instant, to Miss Elizabeth B. Chase.

Items of News.

ESSAY UPON THE WAR.—Some witty genius has taken up the offer of the Peace Society for the best essay upon the origin and result of the Mexican war, and sends the following:

"*An Essay upon the War with Mexico,* its Origin and its Results, carefully considered and methodically digested, by an Odd Sort of Fellow.

Chapter I.—On the Origin of the War. § 1. Texas.
Chapter II.—On the Result of the War. § 1. Texas.

MISSOURI SHARP SHOOTERS.—The cause of the little loss of our troops at Sacramento is said to be the fear of the Mexicans to put their heads above the parapets. They had such dread of Missouri sharp shooting, that they supposed death would follow any exposure of the person above their entrenchments. Consequently all their pieces were aimed too high.

STRANGE OMISSION.—It is said that on the plate which was deposited in the corner stone of the Smithsonian Institution, the name of the founder, James Smithson, is not inscribed, though those of the Regents, the President, and other officers of the general and city governments are! If this be true, it is a strange omission.

BRITISH DESERTERS.—The Canada papers are loud in their complaint of great numbers of British troops deserting their flag and fleeing to the United States to enlist in our army. It is estimated that not less than four hundred have taken "French leave" of their posts.

THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.—Running expresses through Mexico is no easy or pleasant business. Mr. Charles M. Bughee, who ran an express from Plan del Rio to Vera Cruz, for the Picayune, with the news of the recent battle, was repeatedly shot at from the wayside.

EXTRAORDINARY MODE OF PRESERVING THE BODY OF A CHILD.—A child lately died on board one of our emigrant ships, and rather than throw it into the deep, the mother *salted down the child* in her trunk, and brought it into New York in a state of preservation.

PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—The three companies of Pennsylvania volunteers which were detained at Lobos on account of the small pox, have arrived at Vera Cruz. No deaths had occurred, and the men were quite well, the small pox having disappeared.

SNOW AND ICE.—A letter from Montreal, dated April 28, says:—"The hills of ice in the St. Lawrence have at this moment a magnificent appearance. It is astonishing to see the immense piles which now cover the river in front of the city. The weather continues very cold, and the snow is in many places two feet in depth."

THE RECENT ANTI-RENT OUTRAGES.—The Governor of New York has issued a proclamation offering rewards from $500 to $1,000, for the apprehension of the persons engaged in the new anti-rent outrages in Columbia County, in that State.

GOOSEBERRIES.—A French nurseryman says that exhausted tan bark spread on the surface round the roots of gooseberry bushes, is an effectual remedy for caterpillars. A cart load of the bark is amply sufficient for the largest garden.

Casualties.

SINGULAR ACCIDENTS.—A young man named Charles Fuller, met his death in a novel and painful manner last Friday week, at Mesardis, Me. He was in the woods, and while standing in the snow, it gave way, letting him down upon the stub of a brush, that had been cut about two feet above the ground, which entered his abdomen, and so injured him that he died the next Monday morning.

A singular and serious accident also occurred last week at Cincinnati. In company with a gentleman in a buggy, a young lady was returning to the city from a country jaunt. Her long dress, flying over the side of the vehicle, caught in the splinters of a broken felloe of the hind wheel, and dragged her violently and suddenly out upon the pavement. In the fall her skull was fractured, and her recovery is doubtful.

Bank Note List.

☞ Same as last week, with the exception of
Gettysburg, (Pa.) 1 dis.
Carlisle, (Pa.) 1 dis.

NEVER DESPAIR, YOU CAN BE CURED.
PHILADELPHIA, July 26, 1846.

TO THE PUBLIC.—I certify that before my remembrance I became afflicted with what the physicians called SCROFULA. It made its appearance by pain and swelling of the joints—more especially of my ankles, knees, wrists and elbows; after which the glands of my throat and neck became inflamed and swelled, attended with most excruciating pains. I was often confined entirely to my bed and for weeks together could not move my neck or turn my head. Several physicians attended me at different times—but they did not appear to do me any good.

About a year ago I was attacked with vomiting, which continued every few minutes all one night. The next day an eruption appeared on the sides of my neck, which soon spread all over my neck, head and face, with inflammation of my eyes and eyelids, which destroyed my eye-lashes and caused the hair to fall from off my head, and soon the disease spread all over me; my limbs were one entire scab. I could not bend my hands or arms without causing the skin to crack open, when the blood would run out. Some of my finger nails came off. In short, I was unable to get my own living, and in this condition called upon Doctor JAYNE, in order that he might undertake my case. He directed me to take his ALTERATIVE three times a day, and his SANATIVE PILLS as often as I should find it necessary. I have now taken his ALTERATIVE four months, and am most happy to say that it has entirely cured me.

CAROLINE NEWBERRY,
No. 118 North Tenth street, Philadelphia.

If any person doubts my statement, they will please call upon Mrs. D. Stewart and Mrs. E. Doughty, 333 Spring Garden street, or on Mrs. Tabour where I reside, who are acquainted with my situation before and while I was taking Dr. JAYNE'S medicine.

C. NEWBERRY.

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. may 8-3t

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

This medicine is constantly performing almost incredible cures of diseases arising from impurities of the blood. The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers, loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groaned hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretive organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the rack of disease, and now, with regenerated constitutions, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation. The testimony of those who have been cured by its use, with their residences, has been published from time to time, and were it desirable, a mass of the most overwhelming testimony could be brought forward proving most conclusively its inestimable value.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, New York.

Sold also by ARGUEY & DICKSON, corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

Price $1 per bottle. Six bottles for five dollars.

TAYLOR.—The mere mention of this name is enough to awaken emotions of patriotism in every breast. GEN. TAYLOR, certainly is very popular, but there is another TAILOR, quite as popular. The one cuts the throats of our enemies, the other cuts the coats for our friends. The one has won his way to fame by the sword, the other has cut his name upon the highest pinnacle of FAME by his SHEARS. GENERAL TAYLOR, of Kentucky, has defeated all who opposed his march in Mexico, and F. MAHAN, TAILOR, of No. 211 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, author of the celebrated SYSTEM of Garment Cutting has driven from the field all his OPPONENTS, and, like his warrior friend, finds the path to FAME and wealth unobstructed.—"*The Camden Democrat,*" *N. J., May 1st, 1847.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, May 8, 1847.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The limited stocks on hand and the fact that most of the receipts were taken on arrival to fill up various contracts, caused holders of superfine Flour to be very firm in their demands, and several thousand barrels changed hands since our last weekly review at $7 for good brands, and $6,62½a6,75 for Western for future delivery. On the promulgation of the steamer's intelligence yesterday, the market became unsettled, and to-day holders ask an advance of 25a37½c on our quotations, but we hear of no sales. Rye Flour has been sold at $4,75a4,87½ per bbl. Corn Meal was in some demand early in the week, and sales to some extent were made at $4,50 per bbl for Pennsylvania; but the greatly reduced stocks, in connection with the European advices received to-day, have induced holders to ask a further advance.

GRAIN.—Wheat continues in good demand, and the receipts have been readily disposed of on arrival at $1,55 a1,58 for fair to good Pennsylvania reds, $1,57a1,58 for mixed, and $1,60a1,63 for white, partly for shipment. To-day prices are much higher. Rye has sold at 87½a 90c. Corn has been in demand, and large sales of yellow were made at 94a97c early in the week, and subsequently at 95a97c. To day $1 per bushel has been offered and refused for a cargo of Corn. Oats have sold freely at our last quotations.

BARK.—The supplies of Quercitron are very light, and prices continue firm. Sales of 50 hhds No. 1 at $35 per ton.

BEESWAX.—We note a sale of 1500 lbs good yellow at 27½c.

CANDLES.—Sperm continues steady at 31a32c, with small sales.

COAL.—The supplies are on the increase, but with a fair demand. Prices of Anthracite are well supported. We continue to quote Schuylkill White Ash at $3,62½; do Red Ash $3,62½a3,75 for lump and 25 cts higher for broken and screened. Lehigh sells at $3,87½a4 per ton for lump.

COFFEE.—The principal operations have been by auction, 2405 bags Rio having been disposed of at 6¼a7½ cts. By private contracts about 1200 bags have been sold at 7¼a7½ cts for Rio and Laguayra, on the usual credit.

COTTON.—The activity noted in our last review has continued during the present week, with an upward tendency in prices, which was further increased by the partial advices from Europe. To day, however, there has been but little doing, dealers generally awaiting their letters by the steamer. Week's sales over 800 bales, at our quotations—

	New Orleans.	Upland.
Middling,	10½a11½	11 a11½
" Fair,	12¼a12½	12½a13
Good Fair,	12¼a13¼	13¼a13½

COPPER.—Sheathing is held firmly at 28½ cents 6 months.

DOMESTIC GOODS.—We hear no new feature to notice in the market this week.

FEATHERS.—Are in fair request, at full rates. Sales of 7000 lbs Western at 29a31 cents, for good to prime quality.

FISH.—Prices are steady. Sales Mackerel from vessels and store, at $11a11,75 for No. 1; $7a7,75 for No. 2, and $5a5,75 for No. 3 per bbl.

FRUIT.—We note sales of 500 boxes Sicily Oranges at $2a2,50, and 300 do Lemons at $1a2,75 per box. By auction, sales of 3000 boxes Sicily Oranges at $1,20a 2,12½, as in condition, with some in very poor order at 75c; 1700 do Lemons at $1,25a1,87½ per box, cash and 4 mos. Dried Apples have been in request, with sales to some extent, at $1 per bushel.

HEMP.—A sale of Hackled on terms not made public, is the only operation of which we are advised this week. The market is very poorly supplied.

HIDES.—No operations have occurred since our last weekly review.

IRON.—Continues in demand, and about 1000 tons have changed hands this week, at $26a27 for Anthracite, and $30a31 for Charcoal Iron.

OILS.—Linseed has sold this week at prices ruling from 70 to 75c. Sperm is taken only in small lots, at former rates. Whale is in fair demand, at 38a39c.

LEAD.—The market is quiet, without change in prices.

LUMBER.—The supplies are on the increase, with a fair demand at former rates.

Shipped from the Schuylkill region to	
May 1,	684,627 feet.
Previously,	3,334,883
Total,	3,019,510

MOLASSES.—The market has been quiet. Sales of 130 hhds Cienfuegos at 28c; 50 Matanzas at 24, and some Porto Rico and New Orleans 37½—4 mos.

NAVAL STORES.—We note a sale of Tar at $2,25 per bbl. Rosin—Several parcels have changed hands at 75c for common to arrive, and $1 for No. 2 on the wharf. Spirits of Turpentine—Sales at 46a48c.

PLASTER.—Continues dull. Last sale at $3 per ton.

RICE.—Has been in demand, and prices tend upward. Nearly all in market was sold at 4¼a4½c.

SALT.—No sales have occurred this week.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed continues dull, and prices are hardly supported. Flaxseed is scarce, and sells readily at $1,30a1,32 per bushel.

SPIRITS.—In Brandy, Gin and Rum, the sales have been limited at former prices. Whiskey has sold at 28a 29c, in hhds and bbls.

TALLOW.—Stocks very light, and prices firm at 9a 9½c, with small sales.

TEAS.—The demand is less active, though sales to a fair extent have been made at full rates.

TOBACCO.—We note sales of 60 hhds Kentucky at 4a6½c on time.

WOOL.—We have nothing to add to our remarks of last week in the report of this article.

EXCHANGE.—Sterling Bills are held at 6¼a7 per cent. prem and dull. France (5,32½a5,35.

FREIGHTS.—The large number of vessels in port, and the scarcity of produce at this time, has caused a further decline in the rates to Europe, which we now quote at 3s 6da4s for Flour, and 12da13d for Grain.—*Bick. Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

1100 shares	Girard Bank,	12
920 do.	Reading R. R.	30¼a29¾
150 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	11½
140 do.	Girard Trust,	7
70 do.	Beaver Meadow R. R.	30¼a31
36 do.	United States Bank,	4¾
15 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	25
$1550	Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1860,	97½
$1000	Schuyl. Nav. 6's, 1865,	84½
$310	Penna 5's,	74a74½
$3500	Lehigh M'ge Loan	90
$3000	U. S. 6's, 1867,	105½
$1000	City 5's, 1867,	101½
$2000	Reading 6's, 1850,	72½a73½
$14,000	U. S Treas. Notes,	104½
$100	Lehigh 6's,	90

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Offerings consist of 1469 head of Beef Cattle, mostly Ohio, including 480 for New York; 300 Cows and Calves, 640 Swine, and 660 Sheep. Prices—Beeves—Sales range at $7a9 the 100 lbs. Cows and Calves sold at $18a35 for fresh, $12a25 for Springers, and $7a14 for Dry Cows. Hogs—Mostly arrive at $6½a 7½ the 100 lbs. Sheep may be quoted at $4½a5 each, as in quality, with sales. Hay arrives freely; good Timothy sells at 85a95 cts the cwt, and Straw at $6½a7½ the 100 bundles.

Baltimore, May 7.—Beef Cattle—The offerings at the scales on Monday comprised 289 head, all of which were sold at from $3 to 5 per 100 pounds on the hoof, equal to $9,75 nett, averaging $4,25. Small lots have since been taken at prices corresponding with the above figures. Hogs—The supply is small, and the demand active—sales at $7,50a7,62½.

Richmond, May 6.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $3,75a4,00; nett $7,50a8,00, according to quality. Sheep—Clipped $2,25a3,00; Lambs $2,50a3,00, scarce and in demand. Hogs—Live $6 50a7.

NEW YORK MARKETS, May 8.

ASHES.—The receipts thus far have been light, and the stocks in the city has been reduced to about 230 barrels both sorts, in two principal warehouses. Pots at $5,12½; Pearls at $6,50, with small sales.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Sales of 300 bbls Genesee at $7,75; 10,000 do Michigan, equal to Genesee, to arrive by the 20th of May, $7,50; 1000 do to arrive in July, at $6,50; 3000 do Genesee, on the spot, at $7,62½; 500 do at the same price, 10 000 bbls Genesee, to arrive in from one to three weeks, at $7,50; 6a8000 do to arrive in July, sold on private terms, and 1000 do in June, at $6,62½—10,000 do sold to arrive in all May, at $7,50, 500 do in all the same month, at $7,62½; 1000 bbls Oswego sold, to arrive in July, at $6,62½; 6a800 do on the spot, sold at $7,62½a7,75; and 1000 bbls Ohio sold, to arrive in June, at $6,75.

Small sales of Genesee, on the spot, were made at $7,81½. Corn—Sales of 2500 bushels Northern yellow made in the forenoon, at $1. During 'change 3000 bushels sold to arrive next week, at 97c; 2000 bushels were offered at 95c, to arrive in two weeks; 1500 do mixed was reported sold at 93c, short delivery. One or two parcels of yellow were offered on 'change at 98c. Wheat—A sale of 6000 bushels Michigan, to arrive in June, sold at $1,40. Rye—The market was firmer, and sales of about 45,000a50,000 bushels were made, chiefly for export, at $1,03, which was an advance of 3c since yesterday.

Rye Flour was sold in good request, and 600 bbls were sold at $5,12½; some holders demanded $5,25. Meal was steady—Sales of about 1000 bbls at $4,75, and 700 do at $4,87½. Oats—Sales of 4000 bushels canal at 50c. White Pea Beans—100 bbls sold at $1,50. The receipts per Hudson River for the week, are as follows:—7059 bbls Flour; 34,725 bushels corn; 37,809 do of Rye; 4037 do Corn Meal, and 76,365 bushels of Oats.

PROVISIONS.—The market was firm, though not active. Sales of 4 to 500 good old prime Pork at $13,12½, and 400 do were reported sold at $13,06¼a13,12½. There was no change in old mess, or in either kind of new. Beef—300 bbls prime were sold at $9,25. Lard—The articles was somewhat firmer, and 200 kegs No. 2 actual tare, sold at 10½c. Fresh Orange county Butter was worth 20 a22c, and Western dairy 15a22c. Cheese in a small way was firm at 7¼a8c, the supply being light. The amount of Beef received for the week ending to-day, by the Hudson River, was 1040 bbls.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.—The Baltimore Patriot in its review of last week's business says:—"The only transaction we hear of is 100 hhds Ohio at $2,50a3, for ordinary to good common. We quote the prices of last week as follows:—Maryland $1,50 to 2,50 for inferior and common; $3a5 for good common; $4a7 for good, $8a12 for fine and better qualities; Ohio common to middling $1,25a3,50; good $4a7; fine reds $5a 10; fine yellow $5a10; extra kinds $10a13. The inspections are 199 hhds, including 183 Maryland and 16 Ohio."

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 3d to the 8th May.

May 3, received from

Dr. P. J. Jackson	$2 00	J. D. Roley	4 00
M. Engelbrecht	2 00	N. T. Harlan	20 00
A. Warren & Co.	5 00	A. B. Carr	2 00
G. S. Miller	4 00	L. C. Parsons	3 00
G. O. Wilson	2 00	G. S. Dunton	2 00
E. Dutton	1 00	Miss D. B. Wheaton	2 00
J. W. Morris	5 00	L. K. Tyler	2 00
C. S. Rowley	12 00	D. M. Howley	3 00
W. H. Watson	5 00	A. G. Carter	2 00
W. Russell	10 00	Miss L. F. Taylor	2 00
J. B. Luther	4 00	D. W. Rawle	4 00
G. W. P. Coates	2 00	N. T. Norman	2 00
H. P. Kinnear & Co.	5 00		

May 4.

W. Stewart	2 00	H. Scott	5 00
M. S. Francis	2 00	W. H. Weld	100 00
G. Steinmetz	4 00	Mrs E. V. Cox	4 00
D. F. Bradberry	2 00	S. A. Courtright	1 00
Miss E. Chandler	2 00	J. P. Smedley	2 00
W. A. Hopkins	3 00	S. D. Pannell	2 00
A. Schoonover	2 00	W. S. Downes	3 00
J. & A. Sheriff	4 00	B. D. Carson	20 00
Ira Dickinson	2 00	S. W. Wiley	2 00
G. W. Chadwick	7 00	N. C. Annon	2 00
A. Van Buren	2 00	A. G. Daker	3 00
Rev. W. Vannandt	2 00	L. S. Janeway	2 00
J. E. Barnett	3 00	B. T. Bittle	2 00

May 5.

W. Rosseau	2 00	C. L. Whitmore	3 00
W. H. Harvey	10 00	H. Bishop	4 00
W. L. Martin	2 00	J. Conklin	2 00
D. Ross	5 00	S. Harmony	2 00
W. Rauch	2 00	M. S. Dent	1 00
J. Rock	1 00	C. Woodward	2 00
P. Albright	3 00	J. S. Blunt	20 00
R. Morris	6 25	C. N. Dale	10 00
W. Slade	4 00	A. G. Rouse	5 00
G. B. Lewis	3 00	N. B. Parry	2 00
S. Baldwin	1 25	W. C. McMath	3 00
C. Catlin	1 00	L. G. Lawson	4 00
J. A. Wood	1 00	A. D. Knight	2 00
H. Folsom	4 00		

May 6.

Dr. P. Earle	2 00	D. Mitchell	2 00
S. Dickson	2 00	W. Chadwick	2 00
W. J. Turner	2 00	D. B. Lord & Co.	26 00
C. W. Merry	2 00	J. J. Auten & Co.	25 50
J. S. Livingston	2 00	N S Kerr	2 00
W. O. Taylor	3 00	B L. Leech	2 00
B. W. Morton	1 00	S. W. Robb	2 00
G. Wild	2 00	C. G. James	3 00
J. Art	2 00	W. C. Clary	3 00
D. Cady	2 00	Miss S. L. Stevens	2 00
Miss C. Thorn	2 00	T. W. Stockton	4 00
S. Schoonover	2 00	J. B. Hope	2 00
W. C. Evans	1 50		

May 7.

J. T. Leonard	5 00	N. Dean	3 00
J. Wills	3 50	E. J. McCarthy	5 25
F. French	1 25	E. Rodgers	2 00
J. W. Swift	2 00	J. Van Vleck	2 00
H. Keim	2 00	J. Randall & Co.	5 33
Julia A. Davis	2 00	S. B. Cleet	2 00
J. White	2 00	W. M. Neal	5 00
Elish. Merritt	2 00	R. W. Wall	20 00
J. Y. Rushton	2 00	C. F. Franks	2 00
W. L. Pyle & Co.	14 00	Miss L. B. Jones	2 00
Mrs. E. Glading	1 00	D. W. Sleight	2 00
A. Lawson, Jr.	4 00	W. B. Roatch	3 00
M. Mogridge	2 00	N. C. Ogden	2 00
W. A. Pierce	20 00		

May 8.

J. Wilson	1 00	J. Salloe & Co	5 00
A. Shaver	2 00	C. Brown	2 00
E. Stansbury	2 00	J. Main	2 00
B. N. Cole & Co.	9 00	Dr. Bradford	2 00
C. Buhl	2 00	D. Brenneman	2 00
J. Romsey	2 00	W. Woodruff	2 00
H. H. Welborn	1 00	J. W. Brown	2 00
Miss H. Karrick	5 00	Capt. H. Brown	2 00
W. J. Cochran	3 00	A. M. Harlow	2 00
R. Patterson & Co.	5 00	B. Heilner	2 00
J. Kirkpatrick	2 00	R. S. Potts	2 00
J. Childs	5 00	W. G. Lukens	20 00
W. D. Hopkins	3 00	S. K. White	2 00
W. McDowell	3 00	D. W. Maxwell & Co	5 00

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ALMANAC.

May, 1847.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
15 SATURDAY,	4 54	7 6	2 36	
16 SUNDAY,	4 53	7 7	3 53	D. H. M.
17 MONDAY,	4 52	7 8	4 14	
18 TUESDAY,	4 51	7 9	4 55	
19 WEDNESDAY,	4 50	7 10	5 36	Last 7 5 10
20 THURSDAY,	4 49	7 11	6 23	New 14 9 53
21 FRIDAY,	4 49	7 12	7 12	First 21 8 39
22 SATURDAY,	4 48	7 12	8 15	Full 29 9 16

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

May	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
2,	42	46	46
3,	51	62	65
4,	55	63	65
5,	56	68	73
6,	57	73	75
7,	58	70	73
8,	60	71	56

Married,

On the 30th of March, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. ENOS BENNER, to Miss ELIZABETH A. SEWELL, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev J. C. Clay, D. D., EDWARD WILER, to FRANCES ANN WALTERS.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, JOSEPH R. HICKS, to CAROLINE E. BOOTH, all of Philadelphia.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John Kennaday, Mr. ROBERT GETTY, to Miss ELEANOR JOHNSON, daughter of Mr. Turner Morehead, all of this city.

On the 6th instant, before Alderman Joel Cook, by Friends' Ceremony, Mr. JOEL SHARPLESS, of Middletown, to Miss SARAH ANN GREEN, of Nether Providence, Delaware county.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John E. Lyons, Mr. ADAM WEIDEMAYER, Jr to Mrs CATHARINE E. TRINKLER, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 3d ult. by the Rev. H. G. King, Mr. ROBERT M. BANES, to Miss JOSEPHINE LOUISE HOCKNELL, all of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, Mr. JOHN LOGAN, of the N. Liberties, to Miss EMILY CHILDS, of Brandtown, Philadelphia county.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. C. J. H. Carter, of Saint Mary's Church, Mr. GEORGE W. J. BALL, to Miss CATHARINE E. YENSER, all of this city.

At Harrisonburg, Va. on the 29th ult. by the Rev. T. Castleman, WM HENRY TABB, Esq. formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss MARIE ANTOINETTE, daughter of the Hon Daniel Smith, of Rockingham county.

On the 5th inst by the Rev. Mr. Lybrandt, Mr. HENRY SATWELL, of Philadelphia, to Miss CAROLINE, eldest daughter of Capt. John Beagary, of Camden, N. J.

On the 6th inst. at Rose Park, by the Rev. William Beates, F. W. BEATES, Merchant, of Lancaster, Pa. to Miss SOPHIA KELLER, of Rose Park, Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Mr. JAMES S. FRANCIS, to Miss MARTHA T. HASLETT, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. John Street, Mr. WM. C. EISEMAN, to Miss SARAH LETITIA, daughter of Mr. John Brooke, all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Balfe, Mr. JAMES F. MURTA, of this city, to Miss MARY M'DERMOTT, of Moyamensing.

On the 1st inst. at Haddington, by the Rev. H. R. Calloway, JAMES MAXWELL, to Miss MARY HAMM, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

By the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. JOHN WOOTTEN, Jr. to Miss CAROLINE LETOURNEAU.

Died,

On the 9th inst. in the 51st year of his age, GEORGE McCLELLAN, M. D.

On the 10th inst. RALPH McCLINTOCK, Esq. aged 53.

On the 9th inst. THOMAS J. McCURDY, aged 31 years.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. SUSAN NICHOLLS, aged 41.

On the 8th inst. CAROLINE MATILDA, wife of Mordecai Hart, aged 38 years.

On the 8th inst. ELIZA JANE, daughter of Wm. and Amy Trinkle, aged 3 years, 5 months and 3 days.

On the 8th inst. aged 5, MARY, daughter of L. Stokes.

On the 7th inst. CHARLES GAMES, aged 26 years.

On the 7th inst. Mr. ROBERT McCUNE, aged 27.

On the 7th inst. HARRIET LOUISA, wife of N. Boileau, aged 23 years.

On the 8th inst. TOBIAS BARREN, aged 33 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. ROSANNA McDERMOT, aged 26.

On the 9th inst. GEORGE McNABB, aged 30 years.

On the 8th inst. WM. HENRY, infant son of Saml. and Margaret White, aged 18 months.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. MARGARET TABER, aged 92.

On the 8th inst. ELIZABETH M. daughter of Joshua T. and Eliza J. Loyd, aged 11 months.

At Lancaster, Pa. on the 6th inst. MICHAEL PEIPER, Esq. aged 65 years.

On the 9th inst. EDWARD, son of Chas. and Charlotte Le Boutillier, aged 17 months.

On the 9th inst. SAMUEL, infant son of Clark V. and Elizabeth Earlack, aged 11 weeks.

ALMIRA LEWIS, daughter of Charles B. and Almira Quinn, aged 16 months.

On the 7th inst. REBECCA A. wife of Saml. J. Levis, aged 21 years.

On the 6th inst. Mr. WM. WHEALAND, aged 47 years.

On the 7th inst. MARGARET KILPATRICK, aged 23.

On the 6th inst. CATHARINE BISHOP, aged 67 years.

On the 7th inst. CHARLES H. MORRIS, aged 18 years.

On the 5th inst. Mr. BENJ. MOORE, aged 54 years.

On the 6th inst. JOHN BORNMAN, Sr. aged 74 years.

On the 5th inst. ROBERT CALDWELL, aged 16 years.

On the 6th inst. JOSEPH HOUSEKNOBLER, aged 11.

On the 6th inst. Captain JOHN SMITH, of the English brig Caroline, aged 57 years.

On the 5th inst. aged 59 years, JOHN M. COOPER.

On the 6th inst. Miss ANN RAMER, aged 73 years.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. MARY JENKINS, aged 23 years.

On the 6th inst. MARTIN CORMANY, aged 11 months.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. MARGARET BRIDELMAN, aged 74.

On the 5th inst. SARAH BINNS, infant daughter of S. P. and Rebecca Taylor, aged 2 years and 27 years.

On the 4th inst. Mr. JOHN WIBLE, aged 53 years.

On the 5th instant, LEWIS, son of Charles A. and Ann Hirst, aged 1 year, 2 months and 14 days.

On the 5th inst. Miss FANNY EAKINS, aged 27 years.

On the 4th inst. aged 59, Miss ELIZABETH S. HYNEMAN.

On the 4th inst. MARY F. wife of Henry F. Anners.

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4. Charge of the Infantry at Monterey.
5. Storming of the Bishop's Palace.
6. Dragoons saluting General Taylor as they advanced to the charge at Buena Vista.
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Dear wife, some twenty years have flown
  Since you and I agreed to marry;
This you were rather young, I own,
  But then I was too old to tarry:
In single state full long enough
  I'd lived, and wished to try the double;
Friendship I'd found but meagre stuff,
  And Fame an evanescent bubble.

From books no more a solace came,
  To soothe me in my lonesome times;
And writing poem seemed very tame,
  And still more stupid stringing rhymes;
The drama I possessed a bore,
  I cared not for a mimic passion,
Or plots and characters of yore,
  When solemn nonsense was in fashion.

There was a craving in my heart,
  A sort of strange and constant longing;
And through my brain what thoughts would dart,
  How many shapes go wildly thronging!
My feelings that were like a feather,
  Became so heavy, sad, peculiar;
At first I guessed it was the weather,
  And then my ancient sweet-heart, Julia.

But when the former grew quite warm,
  And quite as warmly smiled the latter,
I found that neither sun nor storm
  Nor gentle Julia was the matter;
"Who was it then?" I madly cried,
  "It must be some such charming fairy;
A lovelier one," my soul replied,
  "Delicious, dear, enchanting Mary."

At first you doubted, then refused
  To listen to my sudden wooing;
But when you paused and wily mused,
  Upon your charms and my undoing,
Your tender bosom relenting knew
  Something of Love's sublime emotion,
And finally repaid the true
  Deep fervor of my soul's devotion.

Sweet wife! did I not tell you sooth
  That we should always love each other,
That I would always be in truth
  Your more than husband, father, brother?
Ah! what have you not been to me!
  My hope, my joy, my pride, my treasure,
Since twenty years have flown with thee,
  Like dreams of pure unruffled pleasure.

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We have been favored with some of the early sheets of "A Year of Consolation," by this lady, and present our readers with some attractive gleanings. The "Year" was spent in Italy, and her residence in Rome afforded her an opportunity of picking up some interesting anecdotes of the new Pope; who has

"Won golden opinions from all sorts of people."

"Monsignor ——," says, the enthusiasm of the people for their new sovereign, is not to be described. Immediately after the amnesty, the men who had recovered their liberty flocked to the churches and received the sacrament, without exception, with extreme devotion. Moreover, he added that Heaven had certainly appointed this man to the exigency of the times, for that the whole papal government was tottering to its foundations. If anything can save it, as a government, I suppose this may; but it is far more likely to prove the preparatory process for entire change; and in this respect most fitly may the present Pope be considered God's messenger, and the appointed instrument of the appointed time. Monsignor —— told us several admirable anecdotes of his benevolence and activity. The day of the procession of St. John Lateran, a poor old beggar woman, stretched by the wayside, called out to Christ's successor upon earth for help, 'Santo Padre, ajutatemi che sto qui povera vecchia abbandonata sopra la paglia e muojo di fame.' The Pope sent her immediately a gold piece, and passed on in the procession. At night, in the dress of an Abbate, having perfectly remembered the house indicated to him as that where the woman lived, he went to seek her, and found her absolutely lying upon straw, and in a state of miserable destitution. He immediately proceeded to the house of the curate of the parish; the latter, called up not without considerable demur and difficulty (not knowing from whom the summons came,) from his comfortable bed, was lost in amazement and dismay at the sight of the Pope, who, reprimanding him severely for his neglect of the poor under his charge, bade him send immediately money, food, bed and bedding, to the poor old beggar, whom he had just visited. His Holiness, it seems, has a box at the post-office, of which he himself keeps the key; and whereas no letter whatever was ever allowed to reach the late Gregory the Sixteenth, it is an understood thing that this box, with everything put into it, is delivered immediately into the Pope's hands. A certain sum of money having been charitably appropriated, I do not precisely remember by whom now, in dower-money, for a certain number of poor young Roman girls in one of the parishes in Rome, one among the number, a poor deformed girl, was defrauded by the priest in whose hands the money was lodged, and who retained hers. The girl ventured herself to address a letter to the Pope, stating how her portion had been withheld from her. Without loss of time the defaulter was summoned and condemned by the Pope to pay the poor crippled girl fifty scudi out of his own pocket, besides the twenty-five which was the portion due to her. Some evenings after this, in his usual incognito dress of an Abbate, he knocked at the door of an asylum for poor children, the management of which was not supposed to be altogether conscientiously conducted. The porter refused to open the door, alleging that the children were at supper, and just going to bed, and that nobody could be let in. At last, the magical 'Aprite che sono il Papa,' threw the door wide, and the porter, in an ecstasy of fright, was running to rouse the whole establishment with the news, which, however, His Holiness forbade; and merely desiring the dismayed superior to conduct him to the children's eating-room, he proceeded to taste the bread and wine set before them for their supper. He then turned to the superior, and said—'To-morrow, sir, let the bread and wine put before these poor children be such as it ought to be; and remember that I have my eye upon you:' with which salutary warning he departed. There is something rather Haroun Alraschid in these nocturnal expeditions of His Holiness. On fixed days in the week, for a certain numbers of hours, he receives indiscriminately all persons who wish to see and speak with him. They are admitted without any distinction, one by one, according to number; and the Pope, permitting them to seat themselves, hears their grievances, receives their petitions, and, warning them that any attempt to impose upon him or in any way alter the truth, will be detected and punished, takes their name and address, and has their business inquired into and put to rights. As for the women, said Monsignor, they perfectly adore him, for nothing can exceed his graciousness and kindness to them:—'e davero,' added he, with Christianly humanity; 'bisogna pensarlo che sono poveretto anche lei creature di Dio!' for which allowance we heretical females were duly grateful."

* * * * * * *

Among many others, —— told us two beautiful anecdotes of his humanity and wisdom. While he was Archbishop of Spoleto, a list of persons suspected of political liberalism was brought to him, and he was earnestly recommended to forward it to Rome, as an exhibition of zeal that would be highly serviceable to himself: he said he would take care of it, and immediately tore it up, and threw it into the fire. Since the proclamation of his act of amnesty, a subscription was set on foot in Rome to raise a sum of money for the poor men whose long detention in the papal prisons had, of course, not sent them back into the world with very full pockets. A list of the subscribers' names was brought to the Pope by the Governor of Rome, Marini, who suggested that it would be very desirable to keep it, as a future means of ascertaining who were tainted with sympathy for liberal opinions. The Pope said he thought it was highly desirable to make that use of it, and immediately wrote down his own name, with a donation of a hundred scudi, and engaged Monsignor Marini to follow his example, and record himself as a friend of those who had suffered for liberal opinions. There is a touch of humor about this anecdote that makes it perfectly enchanting.

"While Archbishop of Imola, he was already known to have exhibited his sympathy for those suffering in the cause of political reform, by furnishing many of the exiled patriots with money. A beautiful anecdote is related of his merciful and humane disposition while he was in this situation. Among the other duties of the archbishop is that of a periodical survey of the prisons, in the course of which, visits of greater or less length may be paid by him to the cells of each or any of the criminals. An unfortunate woman, whose husband had been confined for upwards of a year, and who had in vain solicited permission to see him, at length, in despair, applied to the archbishop, whose office, however, gave him no power of furnishing her with the required permission. Much moved, however, by the poor creature's misery, the humane man remembered her petition, and on the occasion of his next official visit to the prison, sent word to her to join the train which usually attended his progress on these occasions. Arrived at the cell where her husband was incarcerated, he bade the woman enter it, and sat himself at the dungeon-door for an hour, during which space of time the unfortunate people enjoyed once more the blessing of being reunited.

Original Essay.

FRENCH STATISTICS.

PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

This is a little world, where all the comfort and luxury which man can enjoy, are found; and where misery has also made her home. It is built on a beautiful valley which is divided by the river Seine. It is in the form of an irregular oval, the greater diameter of which, from east to west, or from the barrier of Passy to that of Charonne, is about two French leagues or six miles; and the lesser, from north to south, from the barrier of the Martyrs to that of La Sante, is about one league and a half, or about five miles and a half.

The Seine is crossed by twenty-six bridges, four of which are suspended; these bind the different parts of the town together. About 1,800 streets, lanes, alleys and passages give to the inhabitants a free circulation. They form a total extent of about 300 miles, the whole of which is well paved, one-eighth of the pavements is renewed yearly during the fine weather. What a quantity of light is nightly consumed! besides the old way of lighting with oil, there are not less than 671,900 gas burners, employed in the public streets or private houses.

To place the houses in one continuous line they would extend about six hundred miles.

The number of houses in Paris exceeds 30,000, and on an average they contain near twenty-six inhabitants each, the whole population is near a million. The average rent of the houses is four hundred dollars and a fraction over. There are about 3,100 houses furnished for the use of travellers and strangers, and they are occupied by a floating population of from 35 to 40,000 persons, among whom are few old people or children.

Two hundred public establishments adorn the city and add to its comfort and business. Among these are thirty-seven Catholic churches, eight temples, dedicated to the different sects, one bank, one exchange, seven markets, twenty-seven theatres, seven colleges, forty-two casernes or barracks, twenty-seven hospitals and asylums, thirteen prisons, three cemeteries, and five slaughter houses. These last are vast establishments on the outskirts of the city, erected at enormous expense, where all the butchers of Paris are required to kill their cattle, and for which they pay the government a considerable item, which goes to increase the revenue of the city.

The population of Paris did not exceed 100,000 inhabitants at the commencement of the fourteenth century; at the end of the sixteenth it had only 250,000, and, in the year 1769, only 524,000. Now its population probably exceeds 1,000,000; in 1841, it was 912,033.

The census of 1836 shows the amount of population then to have been 909,126 persons who were classed as follows:

	Males.	Females.	Totals.
Persons not married,	268,933	225,080	496,013
Married,	174,080	172,595	346,675
Widows and widowers,	16,513	53,625	70,138
Totals,	459,526	446,600	909,126

There has been a yearly increase of births in the French capital until now they exceed 30,000 per annum, which is about 82 per day, or 3.41 per hour. The births are equal to one for twenty-seven inhabitants.

It will be perceived that the births exceed the deaths. The latter are a little over 27,000 per annum, or about 3 per hour. The deaths are equal to one for thirty-three inhabitants.

Formerly the number of marriages was much less than at present; they now average over 9,000 a year, about 24 per day, or one per hour.

In the following table will be found the average number of marriages for five years from 1831 to 1835, and the number of marriages in 1840 and 1844, in the following classes.

	Average for 5 years.	A. D., 1840.	A. D., 1844.
Between bachelors and maids,	5,833	7,344	7,772
" Bachelors and widows,	433	461	497
" Widowers and maids,	916	848	974
" Widowers and widows,	364	272	300

There are in Paris about 640 magistrates of different kinds; 1,480 lawyers, attorneys, notaries, &c.; 1,439 physicians; 800 bakers; 400 butchers; and about 1,500 grocers; 800 persons who keep boarding houses, (hotels garnis et logeurs); 900 restaurants; and 2,300 persons who sell wine. About 10,000 drivers of coaches, cabs, stages and omnibuses; 50,000 domestics of whom 13,500 are males, and 35,800 are females. Upwards of 168,000 persons have received charity in one year, of whom 21,000 are foundlings.

About 197,000 person yearly make deposits in the saving fund, and the aggregate sum in 1843, exceeded $8,000,000, of which was drawn by depositors only $7,100,000.

The revenue of the city is about $14,000,000, the greater part of which is employed to keep it in perfect order, and to add to its numerous embellishments, to the improvement of its streets, gardens, promenades, parks and public buildings.

BUBULCUS.

Choice Selections.

FROM THE NATIONAL ERA.

THE MOTHER.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

A king, whose wisdom much renowned of old,
Brightened his palace like a star of gold,
Sat in his hall of judgment, firm, yet mild,
When thither came two women with a child.

'Tis mine, oh, king! 'tis mine, the mother cries;
Nay, said the other, thou hast spoken lies!
The child is mine, and in my bosom lay,
When this false woman stole it thence away.

Then, said the king, Let each be reconciled;
Bring in the sword; divide the living child!
And she whose child it was not, spake again,
Saying, Righteous judgment! straightway be it slain!

Nay, said the other, all I have I'll give,
To the last farthing, so the child may live!

And the king said, in accent sweetly mild,
This woman is the mother of the child!
So shall it ecotholeso from the ordeal part,
Rock'd by the beating of her faithful heart.

WOMEN IN LOVE.

An acute female writer, after remarking a little vinegar-ishly what capital diplomatists men are in love matters, and how eager, simple, vain woman is, to believe them all that is generous, disinterested and high-minded, because they can scatter a little gold dust upon the surface of that hollow mine of selfishness within their bosoms—adds the following novel observations

Women, acute and well judging in other subjects, are blind as beetles when a man addresses the language of love to them; a moral mist rises over their understandings—they become credulous as bigots, and the poor man, even if his suit be hopeless, is instantly invested with some sort of merit, by virtue of the tender passion. It is remarkable, too, that in the inverse ratio to other things, experience in these affairs seems not only to avail a woman nothing, but to throw her off her guard. "To refuse twenty good offers and marry an apprentice at thirty," is next to a proverb. Well seasoned hearts, perforated by many an arrow from Love's quiver, have always some weak part in them, and yield, often, in a minute. For my own part, from intimate observation of my own sex—the result of many a friendly confidence in these matters—I would sooner trust the discernment of sixteen on such points than of thirty-six; and whilst it is usual to talk of the dangers of eighteen and the folly of young girls, the moralist who wishes well to womankind should point out the shoals of eight-and-thirty, the extreme rashness of forty-five.

THE QUAKER MEETING.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA FRIEND, OF THE FIRST INSTANT.

The Yearly Meeting closed on 7th-day morning after a session of unusual interest.

The attendance was large, and a number of ministering Friends from other Yearly Meetings were present.

The proceedings on Second-day morning were chiefly confined to the reading of the epistles from London, Dublin, New York, Baltimore, North Carolina, and Indiana Yearly Meetings. No epistle from Ohio was received; and two epistles, both purporting to be from New England, were stated by the clerk to be on the table. In the afternoon the representatives reported the names of the old Clerk and Assistant Clerk, who were re-appointed.

A long discussion ensued on a proposal to read one of the epistles from New England, which resulted in referring the subject to the next Yearly Meeting.

The morning and afternoon of Third-day and part of Fourth-day morning, were occupied in reading the minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings. The unusual length of these minutes was caused by the insertion upon them, of an examination of certain unsound writings of members of our Society, which had long been the cause of much uneasiness, and against which that meeting believed itself called upon to bear its testimony, by contrasting them with the writings of our early Friends. The question of approving of these minutes, and especially of this examination, occasioned a discussion of several hours, and ended in the adoption of the document by the solid judgment of the meeting, which directed its publication by the Meeting for Sufferings. The calmness which covered the assembly after this conclusion was arrived at, was remarkable and comforting to many Friends.

In the afternoon of Fourth-day the reports of the Indian Committee, and of the Boarding School Committee, were read and approved. The former stated that the condition of the Indians in regard to agriculture and the arts, to education and temperance, was perceptibly improving; and encourages the hope that if they can be sustained in their present situation, the civilization of this small remnant of our native tribes will be permanently secured.

The condition of the boarding-school at Westtown was represented as being highly satisfactory. The average number of pupils during the past year was one hundred and sixty-six, and the good order and improvement of the pupils was commended. Considerable improvements have been made, and are now making, to the buildings, in consequence of which the Summer session of the school will not open till the 10th instant.

A memorial concerning our deceased Friend Ellen M'Carty, a minister of Muncy Monthly Meeting, was also read.

Meetings for worship were held at all the houses on Fifth-day morning.

The consideration of the State of society as brought forward by the answers to the Queries, occupied the afternoon of Fifth-day, and much salutary and pertinent counsel was administered on the occasion by many of our experienced Friends.

On the morning of Sixth-day the report of the Committee on Education was read, exhibiting the state of that concern within our limits. As the want of funds to assist Friends in remote situations has prevented the Committee from being of much service in this respect, and as it was feared that Quarterly and Monthly Meetings were somewhat paralysed in their exertions by the existence of the Committee, which was thus unable to give efficient aid, it was released at its own request.

The reports on the subject of spirituous liquors were next taken up, by which it appears that our testimony against their use as an article of drink is advancing, only forty-eight members being in that habit, or giving it to their workmen. Two of the Quarterly Meetings, and many of the Monthly Meetings, appear to be entirely clear of it.

In the afternoon, three of the epistles to other Yearly Meetings were read. The reading of the remainder, and of the minutes, occupied the morning of Seventh-day. The meeting closed after a solemn silence; and we think we may add, that it has been a strengthening and consoling season to the great body of Friends.

A HEALTH TO THE POPE.

Here's a health unto Pius, the ninth of the name,
  Here's a health unto Italy's hope;
Though we're sure to set Exeter Hall in a flame
  By proposing the health of the Pope.
But, wherever we find him, we honor a man
  Of improvement who forwards the work;
Let him do all the good that he possibly can,
  And we're ready to drink the Grand Turk.

For right feeling, with masculine wisdom combined,
  An intense admiration we own,
Whomsoe'er they distinguish, indeed, never mind,
  If they grace the pontifical throne.
He who puts down abuses and pushes reforms
  In the danger of poison and knife,
Like a rare gallant fellow, our sympathy warms,
  And we wish him success and long life!

One, and only one Briton has e'er had the luck
  To be raised to the Fisherman's see;
But Pope Pius displays such decision and pluck,
  One might think that a Briton was he.
Here's his holiness' very good health, then, once more,
  The tiara long rest on his pate!
And may Pius the Ninth, ere his popedom is o'er,
Earn the title of Pius the Great.—Punch.

HERVIO NANO, THE MAN MONKEY.

His real name was Harvey Leach, and he was a native of Connecticut. He died in London, on the 16th ultimo, bequeathing his singular body to a celebrated surgeon, for dissection, and we learn from an article in "The London Literary Gazette," the following striking facts, elicited by the operator:—

"The head is remarkably fine in form, and the expression intelligent and benign; the chest, shoulders and arms form a perfect model of strength and beauty; the arms are exceedingly muscular, and the hands very well and strongly formed; when standing, the arms could reach the ground easily, so as to be employed in progression or leaping; in the place of legs, there are two limbs, the left about eighteen inches from the hip to the point of the toes, the right about twenty-four from the same points. The feet are natural. The easiest mode of explaining the nature of these limbs is to say, that it seems as though the thigh bones and muscles had disappeared, and the knee joints been raised up to the hips; the bone on the one side is tolerably like a leg bone, on the other it is compressed into an immensely strong bone, of triangular form, with the base upwards, and knit to the hip with very strong ligaments. These limbs are furnished with the muscles which should have belonged to the thigh, and those of the leg are much increased in size; the muscles of the calf being comparatively small, on account, probably, of his mode of walking, contribute to give the limb the look of a lion's fore-arm. Nearly double power must have been obtained over the feet by this arrangement; and this would account for his extraordinary feats of leaping, such as following a horse at full speed on the hands and feet, and suddenly springing on its back like a monkey, or jumping ten feet in the air. His mode of fighting, too, was most original; he used to spring in the air, and at the same instant deal the most terrific blow upon his unwary antagonist's head, so that he was a very formidable combatant. It is said that in his palmy days, while driving his cab, a clumsy carter drove against him, and, as usual, accused Hervio of being in fault, at which our hero sprang from his seat on to the back of the man, and gave him a most terrible thrashing. His feats of strength, in his monkey characters, are well known. A very good cast of the entire figure has been made."

Early Currency in the West.—I may surprise many to learn that the first issue of paper money, or promises to pay, in the United States, is of Indian origin. In 1760 Pontiac, the great Indian Chief, issued bills of credit, or promises to pay, in hieroglyphics of his own, drawn upon bark, with the figure of an otter—his arms—beneath. I extract this fact from a rare work, published in England, in 1765, called "A Concise Account of North America, by Major Robert Rogers."—The Major visited Pontiac in the course of his travels through the country, and saw this currency. He adds, that the whole emission was duly redeemed.—Cist's Advertiser.

A Pretty Idea.—Dr. P——, who is attached to a Parisian theatre in quality of a physician, expressed his astonishment that man and woman were not created at the same time, instead of the latter springing from a rib of our first parent. A young actress standing by, remarkable for the graceful turn which she ever gives to the expression of her ideas, immediately said, "Was it not natural, sir, that the flower should come after the stem?"

THE SHAKERS.

In the course of debate in the Legislature of New York, on an application for special grants of power in holding property made by the Shakers of Niskeuna, in that State, the following rules or orders existing in that Society became public:

Contrary to order for any one to write the orders.

Contrary to order to inquire into the order of other families.

Contrary to order to inquire into any bargain that the Deacons have made.

Contrary to order to open your mind out of the line of order.*

Contrary to order to expose counsel, or tell what the Elders say.

Contrary to order to go to church with sins unconfessed.

Contrary to order to receive or write a letter, without the Elders perusal of it.

Contrary to order to take a book without liberty.

Contrary to order to go out among the world, or among families, without permission of the Elders.

Contrary to order to have any money privately.

Contrary to order to shake hands with a world's woman without confessing it.

Contrary to order to shake hands with the world unless they first tender the hand.

Contrary to order to play with dogs or cats.

Contrary to order for a brother and sister to ride together in a wagon, without company.

Contrary to order for a brother and sister to pass each other on the stairs.

Contrary to order for a person to go out of the door yard, after evening meeting.

Contrary to order to have right and left shoes.

Contrary to order to pare the heels of shoes under.

Contrary to order to read newspapers in dwelling house, at any time, unless indulgence for that purpose is granted by the Elders.

Contrary to order to fold the left thumb over the right, in prayer, or when standing up in worship.

Contrary to order to kneel with the left knee first.

Contrary to order to put the left boot or shoe on first.

Contrary to order to kneel with handkerchief in hand.

Contrary to order to put the left foot on the stairs first, when ascending.

*To open your mind, is to express your grievances, or confess your sins. The line of order is the elders of the family.

Selected Articles.

THE EYES—USE OF GLASSES.

In the November number of the Journal, we gave some rules for preserving the eye-sight, which have been somewhat extensively circulated through other journals. From that time to the present, we have been intending to say something more about the eyes.

In youth we were much troubled with weak eyes, and it was with difficulty that we were able to pursue our studies. As was the general custom then, much more than now, we were advised to use green glasses, and so strictly did we follow the advice, that not a day or an evening was passed without them for twelve years. Upon quitting college, for the purpose of recruiting, we took a letter of introduction from President Wayland to his father then residing at Saratoga. Having arrived there, the introduction was presented, and we were made the guest of the reverend and venerable man. He was a pure Englishman, a man of sterling sense and integrity, and one of the best gardeners with whom it has ever been our pleasure to be acquainted.

While drinking the far-famed healing waters of the place, it was our custom to spend a portion of each day in "dressing the garden," with our much esteemed father. Here our conversation turned sometimes upon one thing, sometimes another, but generally, upon some point of utility.

One day, the good old man, after looking round, and casting a glance at our external green eyes, exclaimed, "It seems to me that all our young men are growing blind. When I was young, we rarely saw a young man who could not see better without glasses than with, but now, almost every student wears them. What is the advantage?"

We were a little stumbled, but to throw off all blame from self, replied we had been advised to wear them on account of eyes.

"I advise you to leave them off, on that account," was the prompt reply. We took the advice partially, and used them less, but did not lay them aside entirely. Sometime afterwards having the good fortune to be married, at the suggestion of our good lady, in conjunction with the advice above named, we laid them wholly aside. There they have laid in all their greenness, housed in their case, in our study-table drawer for a longer period than old Troy was besieged, and our eyes have been improving gradually from year to year. This is our advice to all who wear green glasses. Lay them aside, you will be better off without them.

We would give the same advice to all who wear other glasses, or, rather, we would advise all who have never put them on, never to do it. It is a needless thing. As age approaches it is customary to put on glasses, and people imagine that they must have them, and are assisted by them. But it is a mistake. We firmly believe that in most cases, the eyes are injured by them. All tampering with the eyes is bad. Every time we put glass between the cornea and the object, we cause a new modification and new adjustment of the parts within. After such a change has once been established, it is no easy task to destroy it, and bring the vision back to a natural state, and hence, when people have once commenced wearing glasses, it is very difficult to dispense with them.

As age approaches, the strength or tension of all the tissues of the body relaxes. This is the case with the eye, as well as with other organs. But would people from forty to fifty years of age, (the period in which the use of glasses is usually commenced,) insist that they would not wear them, they would find little need of them after the latter period.

It is a natural law that all the organs of the body accommodate themselves to their circumstances, and the eye does this especially. If, when by the approach of age, the vision begins to be impaired, it were not humored by artificial indulgences, in the greater part of cases, the tissues would rectify themselves.

In near-sighted children the evil is augmented an hundred fold by wearing glasses concaved for the purpose of mitigating the difficulty. The eyes should always be let alone, unless they can be operated upon by a judicious and skillful practitioner. If we cannot have skillful occulists, we had better have none, and people had much better let their eyes alone than to be forever dabbling with them.—Journal of Health.

EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF A MANIAC.

A pauper, named "Silly Ben," the inmate of a union not far from Essex, was so refractory that the governor, in order to subdue him, ordered that he should be confined in the "dead-house," where lay the body of a man lately deceased. After a lapse of two hours the porter visited the maniac, when, to his horror, the poor fellow, as he imagined, dropped a corpse at his feet as he opened the door. Horror-stricken, he hastened to the governor, who, upon being informed of the horrid circumstance, went, accompanied by several others, to the "dead house," where they beheld Silly Ben stretched upon the ground. While deploring his fate, the corpse in the coffin suddenly rose, exclaiming, "Hard times, master," and then shrank back into its narrow shell. An immediate rush from the habitation of death to the governor's house was the result, when the governor and several others fainted. After a great lapse of time a crowd of officers and others repaired to the dead house with every caution, and the greatest dread. It is needless to say that it was by each endeavoring to push his neighbor forward that the awful place was reached, when the mystery was solved by its being ascertained that Silly Ben dressed the dead man in his own clothes, and having placed him against the door, put the winding sheet and shroud upon himself, and then took the dead man's place in the coffin. Notwithstanding the fact having been proved, the governor and the others who beheld, as they imagined, the resurrection of the dead, have not even yet recovered the fearful effects of the fright. It is to be hoped that this occurrence will in future prevent governors acting in so brutal a manner towards even maniacs. What can be conceived so brutally cruel as the locking up the living with the dead?

LITERARY MOSAIC.

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  In every clime, from Lapland to Japan;
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,
  The proper study of mankind is man.

"Tell! for you can, what is it to be wise,
  Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain?
The man of Ross! each lisping babe replies,
  And drags at each remove, the length'ning chain.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
  Far as the solar walk or milky way?
Procrastination is the thief of time—
  Let Hercules himself do what he may.

"'Tis education forms the common mind,
  The feast of reason and the flow of soul;
I must be cruel only to be kind,
  And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

"Syphax! I joy to meet thee thus alone,
  Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see;
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
  In maiden meditation fancy free.

"Farewell! and wheresoe'er thy voice be tried,
  Why to yon mountain turns the gazing eye,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
  Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
  Man never is, but always to be blest."

Agricultural.

WOOL GROWERS' CONVENTION.

A Convention of Wool Growers assembled at Steubenville, Ohio, on the 10th of February. Alex. Campbell was appointed Chairman, and Wm. H. Ladd and Jacob Ferkins, Secretaries.

The object of the meeting was briefly stated by the Chairman to be, to take into consideration the wool producing interest in all its bearings, including the breeding of sheep, the production and preparation of wool, its prior disposition, and the means of securing the best markets, and an adequate remuneration.

A communication was read from L. A. Morrell, Esq., showing the importance to Wool Growers, of some more systematic plan for the disposition of their fleeces, than that now adopted—and recommending that wool depots be established to accomplish the object. The suggestion was adopted, and Wheeling, Va., fixed on for the Western Depot, and Springfield, Mass., for the Eastern.

A Committee was appointed to prepare an address to wool growers, on the importance of having their wools properly prepared for market, it having been most satisfactorily ascertained, that the wool grown in Eastern Ohio, Western Virginia and Pennsylvania, is considered by the manufacturers as equal to any grown in any country in the world. Jas. Brown, from the said Committee, read a written report on the best mode of preparing wools for market and kindred subjects, which is appended:

PREPARING WOOL FOR MARKET.

The best mode of preparing wool for market is as follows:—First, before washing, remove carefully with the shears all locks containing dirt in a hardened state. Then wet the sheep in every part, and let them stand crowded together for an hour or two.

They should be taken out of the water (when first put in for wetting) as quickly as may be after the wool is fairly wet, in order to retain a soapy substance the fleece contains, which acts upon the dirt and gum in the wool while the sheep stand before washing. The soapy substance is the first thing to escape as washing is commonly done. The best mode of washing is to use a fall of three feet or over, turning the sheep in different ways under the fall, till the action of the water brings every part of the fleece to an almost snowy whiteness. A much less fall will answer as well if the sheet of water is eight or ten inches deep. If the water under the fall is not deep enough to remain clear while the sheep are in, a plank bottom should be provided to prevent any sand or earthy substance from getting into the wool by stirring up the water. A clear rock bottom is just as good. When a fall cannot be had, a clear running stream should be found, and the dirt worked out perfectly from all parts of the fleece with the hands after first soaking the sheep as before mentioned.

To wash sheep immediately after a soaking rain will answer very well, instead of wetting as above.

The sheep when washed, should be driven to a clean, grassy field, free from bare spots of earth, and avoiding muddy and dusty roads on the way after washing. The shearing should be done as soon after washing as the wool is dry, which will be in two or three dry days. When confined for shearing, the flock should be kept well littered, and the floors or tables, or whatever place they are sheared upon, should be kept thoroughly clean. The fleeces must be kept whole by the shearers, or they (the shearers) are wholly unfit for their business.

After the fleeces are taken off, they should be placed on a smooth, clean floor, or table with the outer end upwards, and be carefully examined all over by patting with the hands to find every burr, which should be taken out without fail. The fleece should then be rolled up snugly, and tied with a small twine. If farmers would not suffer a burr-bearing plant to live in their sight, it would be vastly better and would cost but very little, yearly. Of this we speak from experience. A disregard of these little things, (the whole cost of which is but little, in addition to the expense of putting up wool,) is the greatest hindrance to the sale of American wools in England or France, and our farmers have generally no idea of the injury they suffer by a neglect of these matters, together with the shameful, dishonest practice of tying up their fleeces with ten, and even twenty feet of small rope; or with strips of bark two or three inches wide, instead of two or three feet of small twine—wrapping up coarse and unwashed wool inside of some of the finest fleeces,—putting in dirt balls, dirty sweepings of barn floors—doing up their fleeces wet, so that they often mould.

The laws of England are said to make such things a penal offence, and would our farmers put their wool in such a condition yearly, as some now do, and as a good farmer would be proud of doing with his wheat, pork, butter, &c., we should soon have enough of English and French competitors in our wool market, which would do much more for the trade than any protective measures we can ever hope for. Our slovenly dishonest habits, deprive us of foreign competition, and leave us entirely at the mercy of our large manufacturing companies, bodies without souls. The qualities of American wool are such as to overcome in some small measure, all the disadvantages under which they must be sold in a foreign market for want of reputation, and small shipments of American wools have been made the past season with a small profit to the shipper. Every pound that we can export not only brings so much money into the country, but improves the market at home.

Some very judicious wool-dealers recommend keeping out of the fleeces, small scattering locks. But we are on the whole disposed to advise that all clean locks be put within the fleece to which they properly belong; it appearing to us, to be more properly the business of the grader and wool-sorter to separate them from the fleeces, than for the farmer, who in many instances is under no advantages for using them, or disposing of them for their value. We do not think the remarks of English wool-growers in reference to Fribs, applicable to farmers. At any rate this has been our uniform practice, and we have yet to hear the first word of complaint about the condition of our wool either in this country or England. The wools put up in first rate order and stored away in a clean secure place, the next thing is for the holder to become informed in regard to its value. This, he may generally do through some disinterested source if he will not be in too great a hurry, which, by the way, is all wrong, as the throwing of such an immense quantity upon the market at once, has the most certain effect to reduce the price, as money is not to be had to buy all the wools of the country at once, unless they are sold so low as to give the profits of the business to others than the growers. If the wool is to be sold at home, the grower need have no anxiety about losing a sale by letting wool-buyers go away two or three times without it.

The Best Early Pea.—Pray, which is the best early pea, taking earliness, excellence of flavor, and productiveness into the account? I find many new names in the seed-shops, and am in doubt if any of them are better than the old Early Frame.

Answer.—Prince Albert is the very best early pea we have ever cultivated. It is a week earlier than the best old varieties; excellent, and yields good crops.—Genesee Farmer.

☞ Great complaints are made of the bad condition in which American provisions and wool reach the British market. Sales of wool have been retarded on account of dirt, gum, &c.—Genesee Farmer.

TO FARMERS AND POTATO GROWERS.

For some years past, the people of this country have sustained many serious losses in consequence of the rot, and general failure of the potato crops. We have felt this calamity in our own county very much, during the past twelve months.

Now, my friends, such having been the case, I will here suggest a mode which will prevent the rot, and produce the usual crop. I speak from experience in this matter. Let every farmer plant his potatoes above ground, in the following way. When your ground is well covered with manure, every 2½ or 3 feet throw two light furrows together, within 2 or 3 inches, then lay your seed on the top 10 or 12 inches apart, and cover it lightly. Afterwards give them the ordinary ploughing or dressing. The seed remains near the surface, the ground becomes more mellow, the potato grows much larger, and in a wet season the unnecessary water will run off and prevent the rot.

This experiment was tried by a gentleman, in a lot, one half of which was put in the ordinary way, by ploughing down, and the other half put in as above. In the Fall, when taken up, not one could be found diseased, and more than double the quantity in bulk, as they had grown much larger than those planted on the other part of the lot.—Lancaster Examiner.

ASHES ON CORN.

A correspondent asks the editor of the Genesee Farmer, what is the best method of applying ashes on corn? Should it be put in the hill when planting?—on top of it after planting?—or after it comes up? And what is the quantity to be applied either way, of unleached or leached?

To which he replies:—The above are questions of considerable importance. Last season we injured a crop of corn, or rather saw it injured, by the application of ashes and salt, in contact with young tender plants. These were thrown with the hand on each hill. Had the application been made as soon as the corn was covered at planting, spreading the ashes and salt over considerable surface, no injury would have been done, while the fertilizers would have been extremely beneficial.

We shall use this season, on a five acre field, a compound of three bushels of unleached ashes, one of salt, one of gypsum, and a like quantity of bone dust per acre. This we shall scatter over each hill as soon as planted.

IMPROVED LANDS.

We have received several varieties of wheat from the farm of Mr. Edward Stabler, near Sandy Spring, in this County—the height of No. 1 being about 2½ feet; Nos. 2 and 3, not quite so high, but far superior to any we have ever seen, thus early. Some few years since, the greater portion of the field did not, when in cultivation, produce one barrel of merchantable corn to the acre. It has since had 12 bushels of lime to the acre, and last Fall, a light dressing of both bone dust and guano—6 to 8 bushels of the former, and 80 to 100 pounds Peruvian guano to the acre. These are but fair samples of the whole field. Each sample appears to be the produce of a single grain. The growth is as thick on the ground as it is luxuriant. Let all who have poor, worn out lands, that bring scarcely enough to pay taxes, adopt the same method of making them yield heavy and luxuriant crops, and Montgomery will soon become the garden spot of Maryland. It can be done.—Rockville Journal.

Rich Artificial Manure.—Samuel Davidson, of Greene, N. Y., obtained one hundred and twenty-two bushels of corn per acre on land to which three bushels of the following manure was applied:—One barrel of human urine, to which was added six pounds of dissolved sulphate of magnesia (epsom salts,) was mixed with enough gypsum to moisten the whole. On another acre which had three bushels of dry plaster, there were ninety bushels. What part of the difference in the crops of these two acres, the mixture produced, would be interesting to know.—Albany Cultivator.

Pride of China.—Melia Azedarach, of Linnæus—sometimes called Bead Tree, from the appearance of the berries it bears—it is also called the Pride of India—It is one of the most beautiful of ornamental trees, and should be extensively cultivated for that purpose. Our highly esteemed friend, Dr. S. B. Martin, of this city, has presented us with a small quantity of the seed, of the above tree, saved from one of the species in his yard, which he requests us to distribute to those desirous of raising it.—American Farmer, Baltimore.

Guano.—Our friend, Major John Jones, of "Wheatland," Bohemia Manor, has bought $700 worth of guano, for a Spring dressing for some of his fields. We never heard of so large a purchase being made in one Spring by any farmer in the United States. The Major is a man who doesn't mince matters.—Cecil Whig.

Fun and Frolic.

LONG SPEECHES.

Bradbury, of the Cincinnati News, tells a capital story about a man who, some years ago, was indicted in the Grant Circuit Court, State of Kentucky, for the crime of petit larceny. Determined not to surrender at discretion, the prisoner appeared on the day of trial, "by himself and counsel," as the law of that State permits. The evidence was heard, upon which it clearly appeared that the defendant had been guilty of stealing "one bag of corn worth two dollars and twenty cents." Nothing daunted by the array of facts against his client, the lawyer rose, and poured out an argument two hours in length. When he concluded, the jury retired, and after a brief consultation, returned a verdict of "petit larceny." The attorney moved for a new trial, which was granted by the Court, and the case again brought before the jury. This time the lawyer spoke three hours and a half, the result of which was a verdict by the jury of "guilty of grand larceny." Again the attorney rose to move a new trial. He squared himself, and commenced in a style of grandiloquence worthy of an itinerant tragedian. He had spoken but a few words when the prisoner rushed forward, seized him violently by the arm and exclaimed "Hush, hush, for Heaven's sake, hush! Another speech will hang me as sure as I'm a living man!"

The Day of no Judgment.—In Sept, 1791, after Burke's breach with Fox, Pitt invited him for the first time to dine with him: Lord Grenville, Burke, Addington and Pitt, constituted the party. After dinner, Burke was earnestly representing the danger which threatened the country, from the contagion of French principles, when Pitt said—"Never fear, Mr. Burke; depend on it we shall go on as we are, until the day of judgment." "Very likely, sir," replied Mr. Burke, "it is the day of no judgment that I am afraid of."

Hard Words.—A physician thus addressed a surgeon, while in their patient's chamber:

"You must not fail to phlebotomize the old gentleman to-morrow morning."

"I will never suffer it," cried the sick man, in a fright.

"Sir, don't be alarmed," replied the surgeon, "the doctor only orders you to be bled."

"Oh! as for bleeding," replied he, "it matters little; but as for the other, I would sooner die than endure it."

EPIGRAM.

"A dandy is a chap that would
  Be a young lady if he could;
But as he can't, does all he can
  To show the world he's not a man."

A Sad Disappointment.—"Vat's de matter, vat's de matter?" exclaimed an old Dutch friend of ours, as he tucked up his apron, and ran out of his shop to know the meaning of a crowd in his neighborhood. "Vat's de matter?"

"There's a man killed," replied a bystander.

"Oh, ish dat all!" said our friend evidently disappointed: "ish dat all! shoost a man killed! humph, I tho't it was a fight."

A Good One.—The two young princes, the sons of Archduke Charles, of Austria, had a very warm dispute in presence of no less a person than the Emperor himself. Greatly excited, one said to the other, "you are the greatest ass in all Vienna." Highly offended at such a quarrel, in his presence, the Emperor interrupted them, saying with indignation, "Come, come, young gentlemen, you forget that I am present!"

Marriage of the Seasons.—Upon a marriage at Hobertville, Me., of Mr. Edward Spring, to Miss Margaret Winter, by the Rev. Thomas Thaw, it was remarked "a thaw naturally turns Winter into Spring."

Conundrum.—If the poker, tongs and shovel come to $5, what will the coals come to?—Ashes!

A Dose of Cold Water.—A celebrated writer of vaudevilles, being caught recently in a shower, took refuge under a portico. A very pretty person soon lifted the window, and after looking at him attentively for a moment, sent a servant out to him with an umbrella. The next day, the delighted author dressed himself up to his last result of the problem of what was becoming, and as the umbrella was an old one, laid it aside as a souvenir, and purchased a new one of the costliest taste, called on the lady to return her flattering loan. She received the new umbrella evidently without remarking the change, and, after listening with curious gravity, to the rather pressing tenderness of the dramatist's acknowledgments, she suddenly comprehended that he was under the impression that she was enamored of him; and forthwith, naively explained, that, as he had stood in the way of a gentleman who wished to come and see her unobserved, she had sent him the umbrella to get him off her front steps!—Home Journal.

Productive Industry.—Two college graduates, neither of them remarkable for doing much, parted on taking their degrees, and met again for the first time after nearly twenty years, one of them as poor as a church mouse, and the other a semi-millionaire, with a house in —— street, when the following dialogue took place:

A. (the rich one)—Well, B, how do you flourish?

B.—Poor as death.

A.—Ah! That's a pity. I am afraid you have not been industrious. Industry always acquires wealth in this country.

B.—Indeed? By what industry did you acquire yours?

A.—Why, I—I—I—married a rich wife.

Examining a Witness.—A witness examined in one of the courts of Illinois, upon trial concerning a horse trade, was asked by the counsel for the defendant, how the plaintiff generally rode?

Witness—He generally rides astraddle, sir.

Counsel—How does he ride in company?

Witness—If he has a good horse he always keeps up.

Counsel—How does he ride when he is alone?

Witness—Really, sir, I cannot say, for I never was in company with him when he rode by himself.

Counsel—You may stand aside, sir.

Couldn't Help It.—A fellow applied to one of our Senators, says the St. Louis Reveille, at the present session of the Legislature, to get him some office; and to support his claim, told the Senator he had fought with Jackson at New Orleans. The member doubted his story, and to test the truth, remarked—

"I wont vote for you, because you let the British take the city!"

"We couldn't help it," replied the candidate—"we fought like tigers, but they were too much for us!"

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 9, 3, 10, 14, 9, 7, 5, is one of the United States.
My 15, 1, 4, 3, 14, is a lake in Europe.
My 3, 17, 7, 13, is a lake in America.
My 2, 13, 14, 5, 1, is a city in Asia.
My 9, 6, 15, 18, 4, is a range of mountains in Asia.
My 5, 17, 15, 14, 5, 1, is a mountain in Asia.
My 4, 15, 1, 4, 5, is a city in the East.
My 6, 15, 8, 3, is a county in Illinois.
My 12, 3, 8, 5, 8, 9, 10, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 10, 5, 14, 1, 3, 14, is a county in Kentucky.
My 11, 17, 5, 8, 16, 3, is a country in Europe.
My 19, 7, 8, is the name of a part of the wilderness of Paran.

My whole is one of the most celebrated exploits performed by our troops in the present war with Mexico.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 9, 14, 16, 22, was a son of Isaac and Rebecca.
My 3, 11, 24, 7, 14, was an Apostle.
My 14, 23, 1, 20, 17, 18, was one of the Prophets.
My 14, 2, 20, 18, was a King of Israel.
My 7, 12, 13, was a High Priest of the Jews.
My 19, 7, 21, 9, 15, was one of the Apostles.
My 2, 8, 11, 6, was a King of the Philistines.
My 19, 20, 10, 10, 13, 1, was a feast instituted by the Jews.
My 1, 17, 8, 7, 18, 6, 20, 14, was a High Priest of the Jews.
My 17, 6, 12, 4, 22, was a King of Moab who oppressed Israel.
My 13, 14, 5, 23, 17, 12, was a Righteous Nation.
My 24, 4, 14, 17, 14, was a Leader of the Jews.
My 2, 11, 18, 4, 22, was a High Priest of the Jews.
My 12, 4, 21, was a Nephew of Abraham.
My 2, 13, was a town of Judea.
My 3, 4, 19, 19, 6, was a seaport of Judea.
My 19, 11, 12, 7, 14, 21, 13, 22, 9, was a country mentioned in Holy Writ.
My 14, 13, 24, 17, 4, 8, was a Tribe of Israel.
My 3, 9, 10, 20, 14, 11, 12, 17, 1, was a city of Judea.

My whole is the name of an American Officer who fought in the Revolutionary War. B. W. W.

ENIGMA.

The evening I usher, tho' banished from morn;
In the heart of the rose bud I fear not its thorn;
My dwelling is Heaven, yet I've neer seen a star;
I'm always in peace since I ne'er go to war.
From the day of my birth I've grac'd history's page;
I've been twice in my teens, tho' but once been of age.
Tho' viewless in gulfs or in bays most profound,
I dwell in the ocean and strengthen its sound.
To music untun'd—yet no sound of the flute
Or tone of the trumpet would swell were I mute.
I'm always in love yet from women depart;
I'm always in tears yet of gaiety a part,
Though the end of misfortune I begin endless grief,
And epicures say I'm the essence of beef.
I am traced in the forest, yet fly from the wood,
And tho' true to virtue am also far from good;
Time is endless without me—Eternity, too,
Says I cannot begin or go on without you.
I dwell in the East, in the West I'm at home,
But from North and from South, far, far do I roam,
I sport in the Summer, to heat am inured,
In darkness am seen, but by daylight obscured.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a fish hook like a badger?

Why is a man in a fever like a burning candle?

Why is your hat, when it is on your head, like a giblet-pie?

ANSWER TO RIDDLE IN PAPER OF MAY FIRST.

"All the World's a stage," says Will,
  —Yet it's neither coach nor wagon,
On which we ride (or will or nil),
  With fare oft none to brag on.

We're carried at a whirling rate,
  Thro' sunshine and foul weather,
Yet scarcely know—so fast 's the gait,
  Whether the horses stop to bait,
  Or e'er renew their tether.

But this, young folks, we know is true,
  That we were tiny once, like you,
  And started off confiding;
Since then we've been so push'd about,
Sometimes so cash but oft'ner out,
  That we're now tir'd of riding.

You'll find, 'mong passengers aboard,
Kind, smiling friends while you have hoard
  Of needful, as you're whirl'd;—
"Pockets to Let"—if once made known,
Your sunshine friends will soon have flown:—
  What a riddle is the World! S.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
General Zachary Taylor.

CHARADE.
Larkspur.

CONUNDRUMS.
He's one beside himself.
Like to be drowned.
It forms our habits.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

Paste and Puff Paste for Tarts and Pies.—Rub half a pound of sweet butter into a pound of flour; dissolve a little bit of volatile salts in a little water, and put it to the flour and butter; use just enough water to bind it; then roll it out rather thin, and use it.

Or, after preparing it and rolling it out as above, spread butter all over the surface; fold it up; roll it out again; flour the pie-board and rolling pin well; spread on more butter; fold and roll it as before; do it in all three times, using for it half a pound of butter and it is done.

Lemon Pudding.—Beat half a pound of fresh butter to a cream, with half a pound of powdered sugar; then add to it, eight eggs, well beaten, with the juice and grated peel of a large lemon; stir it well together; line a dish with puff paste, fill with the pudding, and bake in a moderate oven.

The Olio.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

BY MISS SUSANNA STRICKLAND.

"Tell me, thou grassy mound,
  What dost thou cover?
In thy folds hast thou bound
  Soldier, or lover?
Time o'er the turf no memorial is keeping—
Who, in this lone grave, forgotten, is sleeping?"

"The sun's westward ray
  A dark shadow has thrown
O'er this dwelling of clay—
  And the shade is thine own!
From dust and oblivion, this stern lesson borrow—
Thou art living to-day—and forgotten to-morrow!"

SHORT SAYINGS.

☞ People that change their religion from reading books of controversy, are not so much converted as outwitted.

☞ Locke says, every sect, as far as Reason will help them, gladly use it; when it fails them, they cry out, it is a matter of faith, and above reason.

☞ It is a saying of Sir Isaac Newton's: "The grain is God's bounty; the flowers are his smiles."

☞ All men have their price, says Sir Robert Walpole. It were to be wished devoutly, that they all had their value.

☞ The Chinese proverb says, "A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide."

☞ Existence is only felt to be valuable while it is necessary to some one dear to us. The moment we become aware that our death would leave no aching void in a human heart, the charm is gone.

☞ The muses were invoked throughout all Greece, but no sacrifices offered them; as if to indicate that gifts could not conciliate them, or purchase the sacred spark of genius.

☞ It is an extraordinary fact, says an exchange, that when people come to what is called high words, they pretty generally use low language.

THE FARMER.

Happy the man whose highest care
  A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
  On his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
  Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in Summer yield him shade,
  In Winter, fire.

Then let me live, unseen, unknown;
  Thus unlamented when I die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
  Tell where I lie.

Ages of Statesmen.—Of our distinguished public men, John Quincy Adams, born in 1767, is the Nestor. He is 80 years of age. Henry Clay comes next, being 70 years old on the 15th ult. Martin Van Buren, R. M. Johnson, J. C. Calhoun, Lewis Cass and Daniel Webster, singularly enough, were all born in 1782, and of course are 65 years of age. Tyler is 8 years younger, being born in 1790. Polk is about the same age. Dallas two years younger yet, being born in 1792. Gen. Taylor is nearly 60. The rest of our prominent public men, are generally younger in years.

If we cross the Atlantic, we find a statesman in Wellington, unimpaired in intellect, at the age of 78. The age of Peel corresponds with that of Gen. Taylor, as that of Lord John Russell does with that of Dallas. Brougham is the youngest of their first grade of public characters, being barely born in the last century.—Cist's Advertiser.

A Touching Incident.—A month or two since, we received the following story in a letter from a private correspondent in New York

A visitor of the City Tract Society called, a few days ago, on a family suffering with extreme poverty. A little child, that had died the day before, was lying on the bed in every-day clothes, the parents being unable to pay for suitable grave clothes. The visitor promised to attend to its burial, and as she was leaving, a little brother of the deceased asked

"Where is Jamie now?"

"God has taken him away," said the visitor.

"Is Jamie cold now?" he inquired.

"No. God has taken him where there is no more cold, or hunger, or suffering."

The poor boy looked up and exclaimed, "Won't you ask God to take me, too,—I am so cold."—Hartford Courant.

Deaf and Dumb.—The number of deaf and dumb in the world is estimated by an Edinburgh Reviewer at 540,000—enough to constitute a state—and yet having no voice in government anywhere. The proportion of these deaf mutes is as follows —

Switzerland	1 in 500
The rest of Europe	1 in 1585
United States, (whites)	1 in 1964
do. do. (blacks)	1 in 3134

The immense disproportion in Switzerland must have its cause in the physical peculiarities of the country.

Influence of the Imagination.—During the siege of Breda, in 1625, when the garrison was on the point of surrendering, from the ravages of scurvy—principally induced by mental depression—a few phials of sham medicine were introduced, by order of the Prince of Orange, as an infallible specific. It was given in drops, and produced astonishing effects. Some of the soldiers, that had not moved their limbs for months before, were seen walking in the streets sound, straight, and well.—Medico-Chirurgical Review.

The Lungs.—To prove the soundness of the lungs, let the patient draw in a full breath, and then begin to count as far as he can, slowly and audibly without again inflating the lungs. The number of seconds he can continue is then to be carefully noted. In confirmed consumption, the time does not exceed eight, and is often less than six seconds. In pleurisy and pneumonia, it ranges from nine to four seconds. But, when the lungs are sound, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty seconds.

Rain.—The novel opinion has been broached by a recent English writer, that rain was unknown in the world till the time of the deluge. This supposition is based on the assertion in the second chapter of Genesis, that "the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth," but "watered the whole face of the ground" by a mist that went up from the earth; and also on the fact that the rainbow did not appear till after the flood.—Boston Rambler.

Soap Bubbles.—Newton succeeded in determining the thickness of very thin laminæ of transparent substances, by observing the colors which they reflect. A soap bubble is a thin shell of water, and is observed to reflect different colors from different parts of its surface. Immediately before the bubble bursts, a black spot may be observed near the top. At this part the thickness has been proved not to exceed the 2,500,000th part of an inch.

The Wife of Many Husbands.—It is the custom of affectionate seamen, when they go on long voyages in government ships, to leave a portion of their wages to be drawn by their wives. The paymaster at New York, thought, a while ago, that a certain woman came often for the domestic share of her husband's wages, and on an examination of the matter, he found that she was the wife of no less than five different seamen.

The Durability of Oak.—The durability of oak may be known from the fact that the throne of Edward the Confessor is 800 years old; one of the oaken coronation chairs has been in its present situation in Westminster Abbey about 540 years; and the oldest wooden bridge of which we have any account is of oak; it is that famous for its defence by Horatius Cocles, and which existed 400 years before Christ.

Oriental Superstition — The "Spectateur Egyptien," of the 28th ult., states that two days before the festival of the Dosse, in commemoration of the birth of Mahomet, two hundred persons threw themselves under the feet of the horse rode by the Sheik, and which is a descendant of the prophet's famous Aboubekir, and suffered themselves to be trampled upon by the animal.

How to Dapple a Horse.—Take in the Spring the large buds of young oak trees, mix them with the horse's provender, and give it to him three or four times to eat, and he will be dappled, and continue so for a whole year! The buds of young elms will have the same effect.

Characteristics.—Give a cake to a Swedish Laplander, Finlander, or northern Tartar, and he eats it leisurely; do the same to an Othmeitan, Italian peasant, or Spanish fisherman, and he will put the whole cake into his mouth if he can.

Appropriate Name.—"The place of stringing wampum," or "the place of making money," is the name formerly given to New York by the Indians.